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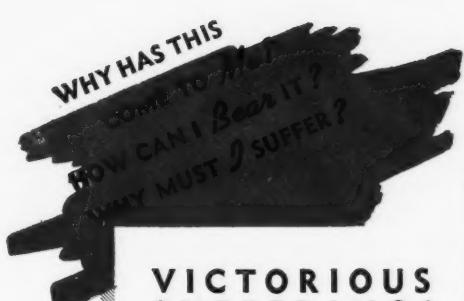
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CHRISTIAN Herald

FEBRUARY 1943

Editor in Chief DANIEL A. POLING
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ORPHOTO

By John Kabel

OUR PLATFORM Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith; to support World Peace; that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity; that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance; that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like World.



DOCTOR POLING Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

What effect does this war have on our missionaries?

Answer:

The war, of course, has had a profound effect on Christian missions and missionaries. Hundreds have been interned. Many of them have now been returned to the homeland; others continue working in the countries at war.

Wendell Willkie's tribute to the missionaries in his radio address after his return from his world trip was particularly significant and gratifying. A Baptist medical missionary who came back on the *Gripsholm* stated before a denominational board that the church in occupied China had been driven into the catacombs; that any future missionary program in the Orient must stand upon victory for the Allies.

Question:

What do you know about the Irish Sweepstakes and about all these foreign devices that draw millions of dollars from the United States? Am I right in believing that the United States is the most generous supporter of these infamous projects?

Answer:

The United States is, I think, the greatest supporter of these projects. The last Irish Sweepstakes reported was drawn in 1939. The subscriptions totaled 1,624,380 pounds, or a little more than eight million dollars. Of this amount 615,900 pounds was distributed as prizes; the Irish hospitals received 248,880 pounds. The total receipts of 28 sweepstakes to date amount to 87,467,000 pounds; prizes have been 46,125,000 pounds. About one-sixth of the money has gone to the hospitals. To the last of these gambling holocausts, Ireland contributed 7.02 per cent; all Europe, 12.46 per cent, and the United States, 61.05 per cent. *The Voice*, temperance publication of the Methodist Church, comments as follows: "There is one born

every minute—and two born every other minute."

Question:

Dr. Poling, my heart is nearly broken. My daughter tells me that she plans to marry a young man against my wishes. I do not see how she can do this! I cannot say that the young man is objectionable as far as his habits are concerned, and my husband approves of him—but I am definitely opposed to my daughter taking this step. I have prayed that she might see my way and change her mind, that I might not fail her by neglecting to influence her in this decision. What is there for me to do?

Answer:

The mother asking this question does not state her reasons for objecting to the marriage of her daughter to the particular young man to whom she is engaged. I feel that there is every reason to believe that this daughter is making a wise choice and that she should have the mother's love and support in her choice; that the mother should not feel that she has failed, nor should she feel that her daughter is false to the love she has for her. It is my earnest prayer that the mother may be led to accept this situation and even rejoice in it.

Question:

Do you think that the Lord's Prayer ever should be sung? Is this plain sacrilege or a proper use?

Answer:

The Lord's Prayer as sung in my own church and thousands of other churches every Sunday morning is indeed a proper use. It is reverential and profoundly moving. Certainly it could be sung sacrilegiously even as it might be played or recited sacrilegiously.

Question:

I have understood you at least to infer that the Protestant Church is peculiarly the friend of the democratic principle of

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Separation of Church and State. Is the Roman Catholic Church not equally so? Why do you make this distinction?

Answer:

There is a fundamental difference between the attitude of the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches toward separation of Church and State. Certainly, many Roman Catholics are as individuals just as passionately devoted to this principle as I am. But the Roman Catholic Church itself, the hierarchy, believes profoundly in the union of Church and State—that is, in the union of the State with the Roman Catholic Church. Pope Leo XIII, in an encyclical of 1885, declared that "it is not lawful for the State to hold an equal favor toward different kinds of religions." Even so progressive and socially minded an American Catholic as Msgr. John A. Ryan, in the book which he wrote jointly with Father Miller, after explaining that the Roman Catholic theory does not have full application in a country like America, which provides in its Constitution for the separation of Church and State, adds that "Constitutions can be changed and non-Catholic sects may decline to such a point that the political proscription of them may become feasible and expedient." It is, I think, a reasonable conclusion that the Catholic Church as such accepts the American principle merely for temporary reasons of expediency, and because Catholics are now only a minority in America. Recently the Archbishop of New York referred to the separation of Church and State as a mere "shibboleth."

Question:

Is there any hope of getting the facts on inflation? Is it possible to meet the tax situation without universal taxation and without a sales tax or its equivalent?

Answer:

The Michigan senior senator has announced without being challenged that if every cent of income above \$25,000 a year earned by each taxpayer were confiscated, and that if out of the \$25,000 income the new taxes were taken according to rates passed by the House of Representatives, the total amount collected would be \$660,000,000—just enough to finance our war effort for four days and ten hours.

There is only one possible way to raise revenue needed—taxing lower incomes or a sales tax. Those who tell the American people that this problem can be solved by taxing some small class of taxpayers more heavily are either ignorant men or demagogues. There is no short cut to the end of our defense road, and there are no easy grades. Rigid wage and price control, with elimination of waste, are among the imperatives. Inflation is now at hand. Here drastic controls and the spirit of sacrifice constitute the nation's only hope.

FEBRUARY 1943

"Why spank the child for something he can't help?"



1. I just couldn't see that "spanking some sense into our child"—as my husband put it—was doing any good! We had the same scene every time Bobby needed a laxative. He'd scream that he "hated that bad-tasting stuff" . . . just wouldn't take it . . .



2. So I finally persuaded my husband it couldn't be the child's fault. Jim admitted the laxative was pretty bad-tasting. "Then," I said, "why don't I call our doctor and see if we can't find a better solution than spanking?"



3. "There!" I said, after phoning, "the doctor says it's wrong to 'force' medicine on a child. It can upset his system, and may do more harm than good. He suggested a pleasant-tasting laxative—Fletcher's Castoria.



4. "You see," I went on, "he told me Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. It's safe and gentle, he said, yet it's effective for children from babyhood to 10 years old. I'm going to get a bottle this very day."



5. Our druggist recommended the money-saving Family Size. "At this time of year," he said, "when colds are prevalent, there's apt to be more need for a laxative. And, for children, Fletcher's Castoria is the right laxative."



6. Well, the next time Bobby needed a laxative, we gave him Fletcher's Castoria. We explained it was a "new kind" . . . and Bobby took it and loved it. Since then, as Jim puts it, we've been just "one big happy family."

Always take a laxative as directed on the package or by your physician.

Charles H. Fletcher CASTORIA
The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Fletcher's Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

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THE CHURCH OF THE OUTCAST

ABIG man knelt in prayer at the close of service—beside him his wife, a little woman whose kind face looked tired and worn with care. There were two lovely boys at home, she said. Their father was a good man when he was sober but all the pleading of wife and sons could not keep him away from the corner saloon. Once a successful business man—now a drunkard who abused his family.

They had no church connection—they were too poor and shabby to go to church, the mother said. Think what that must mean to two little boys growing up in a crowded city. In our Mission Chapel—this father and mother found Christ; they took Him to their home and to their boys. The father has stopped drinking—once more he is back at his work designing and building homes. Drink had destroyed everything he held dear to him—he had struck bottom when his wife brought him to us. Your Bowery Mission, the church of the outcast was God's means of restoring a life and a

home—two boys will have a chance to grow up to fine Christian manhood. No longer shabby they all go to church.

The Bowery Mission's Chapel is the shabby man's Church. When he walks down its aisle he feels at home for he is with other shabby men. In serving men of the Bowery we serve men and boys from every state in the Union for the big city lures them all. Without such missions, without the support of understanding Christians, boys and men are lost—it is not enough to feed them; they must be given spiritual guidance and proof that they can live again as normal men live.

Victims of a habit stronger than their will to cure it, they lose faith in themselves and think they are lost to all decent living. Stripped of all that is decent in life it takes more than human persuasion to make them see that they can be saved from themselves—only a belief in the power of God can do that. The Mission's job would be easy if men knew the strength and comfort of religion.

Neither Government nor local help of any kind makes the work of the Bowery Mission possible—everything we do for men who come to us from all parts of the country is done by the readers of Christian Herald and their friends. Without you these men are lost to sin and its penalties.

HELP US
KEEP OUR
MISSION
OPEN !



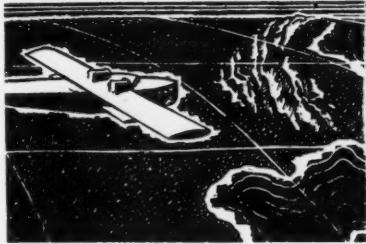
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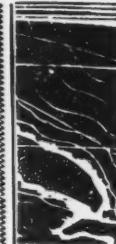
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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

CZARS: It may be time for all good Americans to understand that their America is not ruled by the President; that it is not ruled by Congress; that it is ruled, in everything from baby's milk bottle to grandfather's old rocker, by six all-powerful men. The war has done it. You may not call it American, but any man with half a brain will see that it is quite necessary.

Established in complete power over American industry is Donald Nelson; he has first call on all rubber, metals, oils and he is responsible for meeting the needs of the armed services. Holding power over manpower is Paul V. McNutt, in his job because Ickes didn't want it, but in it just the same. He holds full control over the Selective Service System; over Army and Navy draft quotas, over employers and employees from Maine to Florida in cases relating to manpower. Holding power over food is Claude Wickard, a corn-and-hog farmer from Indiana; he sets all food requirements and distribution to Army, Navy, Lend-Lease and civilians.

Joseph Eastman is boss over transportation; he can tell taxis' and rented autos how they can be used, can wipe out railroad traffic connecting small towns, can regulate busses, trucks, inland waterways, air transport and coastal shipping. William Jeffers, boss of rubber, may be taking the rest of your tires away from you, if and when; he's the most competent czar of the lot. And last but never least is "Honest Harold" Ickes, boss of oil; he may have the most vital job of them all.

They appear to be czars, but in one sense they are not. They are quite interdependent. Eastman, ruling transportation, must bow to oil-controller Ickes; Ickes has to beg Donald Nelson for steel for that pipe-line, and Mr. Nelson can't do much with his steel unless he gets manpower cooperation from McNutt. And all six czars have another pesky partner to deal with: Congress. Congress finished off Leon Henderson, who didn't want to cooperate with Congressmen. Every czar

knows he may follow Henderson if he can't get along with the men under the Dome.

Their careers are making history.

DISCHARGED: The WPA is no more; long live the WPA. Honorable discharged this February first, the Works Progress Administration is now history. Whether it's good or bad history is a subject to be settled around the American cracker-barrel.

In seven and a half years, WPA has spent ten and a half billions on eight mil-

lion unemployed persons who supported some thirty million dependents. It looked like wild waste at the time, but the passing of the years may mellow that judgment. To date, we know this about the contribution of WPA: it built 664,000 miles of road, 77,000 bridges, 116,000 buildings (schoolhouses, city halls, libraries, hospitals, courthouses, museums, etc., etc.), enlarged 800 airports, wrote guidebooks, painted murals, sponsored tuberculosis research, etc., etc. The President claims it "reached a creative hand into every county in the nation..." That's probably true. Fifty years from now somebody not yet born will be riding through a lovely park and enjoying it, never knowing that once it was the scene of "men leaning on shovels."

This WPA did two valuable things: it saved a lot of men from the dole and it gave us a lot of good jokes. It also beautified the nation. We'll remember that.

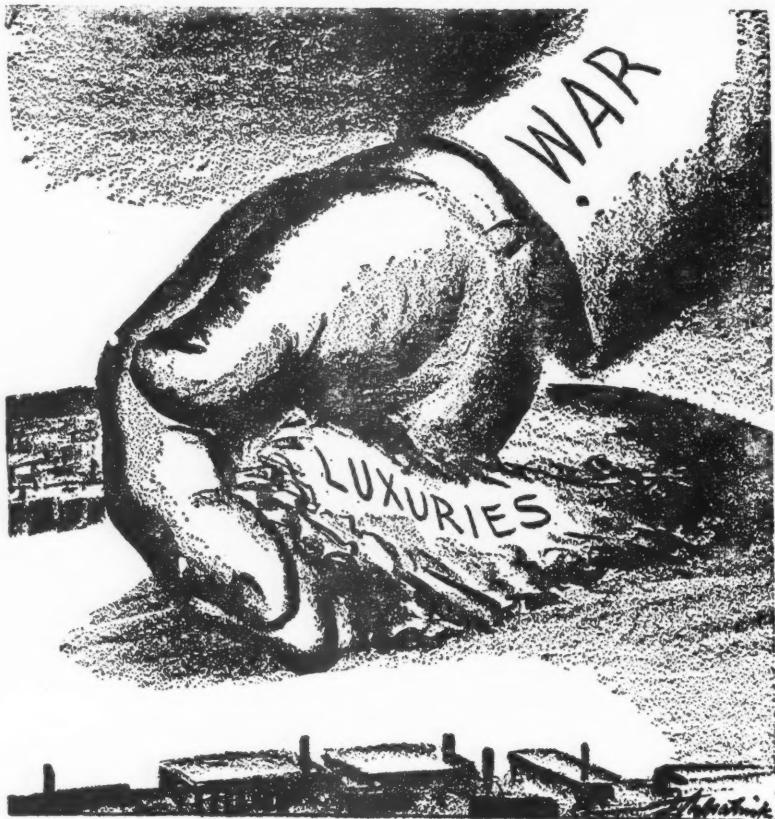
COLLEGE: At one fell swoop, college education has gone down—but not quite out—for the duration. A statement from War Secretary Stimson and Navy Secretary Knox tells every able-bodied student in the U. S. that he's in the Army or Navy now, and the Army and Navy will regulate his education until the Axis is taught its last lesson.

The colleges will not close; some 250,000 young men will be studying in some 300 selected colleges, but studying as Army and Navy want them to study. Liberal arts students will be called as soon as their draft boards get around to drafting them; engineering students will be encouraged to finish their courses, under military supervision; medical students will be encouraged likewise. ROTC will be continued. Courses of study will be radically altered to include navigation, ballistics, etc.

This is too bad—but this is total war. It may be better to throw everything into the business at once, and get it over quickly, than to drag along for who knows how long.

Anyway, this move does youth a favor:





"TOWARD A NEW WAY OF LIFE"
Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

at least they know now where they stand, and the long uncertainty about their education is over.

SPEECH: This writer has never quite been an all-out Herbert Hoover man, but he's all-out for Mr. Hoover's recent speech. It should be cut in marble on some cornerstone, somewhere, for what the ex-President said in that talk (before the Executives' Club of Chicago) is the cornerstone of every free-thinking man and institution in this war-torn world. Briefly, he said this:

He demanded a "people's peace," well enough thought-out to be accepted and not upset at the ballot-box. For America, he warned, "No agreement is binding unless and until it has been ratified by the people's representatives. If this is a people's war, it must be a people's peace!" Say that over and over again, America!

He proposed a two-stage plan. First, there should be a conditional peace, the terms of which would be tentatively agreed upon. Then, second, there should be a cooling-off period during which we could all think it over.

DIVORCE: The United States Supreme Court has spoken on divorce. Specifically, the Court has spoken on Nevada divorce, ruling that divorces granted

in that state, where only six weeks residence is required, must be considered legal and binding in all other states in the Union.

This is important, for several states have refused to consider Nevada divorces legal and binding. It is also important because nearly every state disagrees with nearly every other state as to legal grounds for divorce; the decision will complicate, rather than simplify the problem. And it is a problem. Back near the turn of the century, in 1901, we were divorcing married couples in the U. S. at the rate of eight-tenths of a divorce to every 1,000 persons of the population. By 1940 we had reached the unenviable record of two divorces per 1,000 of population, which is the highest figure on record. That meant about 264,000 divorces—and that amounts to something like a national scandal.

Nevada leads the way in disrupting the estate of holy (?) matrimony. Idaho and Wyoming have established a six-weeks minimum residence, just to get into the business in competition with the silver State, but they are still not doing the land-office business of Reno—probably because Reno has more bright lights to amuse the would-be divorcee over the waiting period.

We haven't heard the last of this; there will be wranglings and rumors of

wranglings for some years to come. In a way, we're sorry. Reno needs a good scrubbing more than it needs this coat of whitewash.

INDUSTRY: As Price Administrator's Leon Henderson's scalp fell into the hands of his opponents, Senator Elmer Thomas said this: "We shall continue our fight on the office of Price Administration until the Roosevelt administration is willing to treat agriculture as a war industry."

Such a statement is unfortunate; it speaks more for politics than for a smoothly-gearred war machine. Nobody in this country with any sense doubts that the farmers have made a major contribution to the winning of the war, and that they are entitled to full credit. Agriculture in 1942 produced total crops 14 per cent greater than those of the record year of 1937; and in return for that increased production the farmers received a gross income of \$18,500,000,000, an increase of 23 per cent over the previous year, and a net income of \$9,800,000,000, which is 46 per cent higher than the net of 1941.

We think that is a big industry; we think it is certainly a great contribution to the war-winning effort; we think it is recognized as such, and we also think it is a pretty fair remuneration at the hands of the consuming public. To blast the other departments of the war effort—the automobile industry, for instance, which has also made something of a contribution!—with a threat like that of Mr. Thomas seems to us more like sabotage than good sense. He isn't doing the farmers much good on Capitol Hill.

SHIPS: The Maritime Commission has just approved names for twenty-two new Liberty ships: they are names suggested by the school children of the several states, who were winners in the scrap drives conducted in their states.

The names are fascinating. Connecticut will have the *Noah Webster*; Massachusetts will name the *Daniel Webster*. Idaho will name her ship the *William E. Borah*; Illinois will be represented by the *Black Hawk*; New Jersey will send the *Molly Pitcher* into the battle of the waves; Tennessee has the *David G. Farragut*, who once did a little fancy sailing on his own.

But it is the New York nomination that is *really* a nomination: the youngsters here picked a great name for their ship. It is to be the *Lou Gehrig*. There's a brave name for you, a name that is to every kid on the streets of Manhattan a synonym for courage. Courage, under the most crushing handicap and discouragement any man ever faced; courage, in a man who knew he was going to die and yet carried on to the last bitter moment as unafraid as a man who was going to live forever.

The *Lou Gehrig*? We wonder what a Nazi submarine captain will think if and

when he sees that name on her bow, through his periscope. Pray God, let no sub see this ship sailing; but if he must see it, let the sub skipper remember that the name has to do with honor, with bravery in a man who wouldn't be beaten, with fair play in the personality of a man cheated by fate of his very life. Think that one over, sub commander!

COURIER'S CUES: There is a 50-50 chance that there will be a nullification of that \$25,000 salary-limit. . . All talk about the Japanese using women soldiers is bunk; no women in that uniform have been seen or captured by Americans. . . U. S. Navy expects the Japanese Navy to strike a surprise blow soon; present naval lull in the Pacific is unhealthy. . . If fuel oil shortage goes on much longer, places of amusement (bowling alleys, dance halls, night clubs, even movies) may be closed. . . Good guessers say that 1943 will see strong anti-inflation measures passed at Washington, with taxes designed to siphon off more purchasing power. . . New war films will stress the offensive theme; "Guadalcanal Diary" by Richard Tregaskis will be one of these; book of the same name is February Book-of-the-Month choice. . . Average auto driver probably will not get new tires until mid-1944. . .

A B R O A D

ITALY: As the tide of war sweeps irresistibly toward the shores of Italy, speculation is rife over the question, "Will Italy fight it out, or quit?" Men differ about it, as they differ in their knowledge and estimate of the Italian.

Editorially, we think the Italian will fight an invasion of his own shores because he is helpless to do anything else. His country is not his country any more, if you get what we mean; it is a German garrison. It is overrun with Nazi troops. The Germans will make a stand there, on Italian soil, rather than on their own soil. That's the German way.

The Italian is being encouraged by a leading American newspaper columnist to "quit the war and come over to the Allied side." That's easier said in a New York newspaper office than done in Rome. You don't quit when your oppressor is standing over you with a bayonet; you can't. Sick and fed up with the war, the soldiers of Mussolini would have been out of the scrap long ago, if they could have gotten out. They're trapped.

They despise the Germans. They have always despised the Germans. What's more, they have always been suspicious of their own Fascist leaders. They were driven against the Greeks as poorly prepared as any army in history; no wonder they were whipped! They were sent against the British in Libya just as poor-

ly prepared; they were foot infantry fighting British mobilized columns, and of course they got another whipping. They hate Mussolini for that; they did not even weep when Mussolini's son was killed in an air crash—at least they didn't weep very long. All they are waiting for is a real chance to overthrow their Fascist overlords.

They are, all in all, in the category of victims with the Greeks and the Poles—with the exception that they are not yet starving. They are German slaves and they hate it. But a slave, unless he be well armed, has a poor chance in revolt.

Italy has a poor chance of getting out of her subject state. Italy will fight because she will be forced to fight. And the destruction of her glorious land will be the major tragedy of the war.

CONQUERORI The farms of the Ukraine (the famed "Russian Bread-basket") are under German supervision, or have been up to the time the Reds broke into the sector again. The collective farms there had German management. The workers on those farms were virtually slave labor.

Now study these figures carefully. In normal, peaceful times, this Ukraine normally exported 3,000,000 tons of wheat per year; it consumed another 7,000,000 tons in home consumption. That is ten million tons of wheat annually. But under German direction *it has not produced enough wheat for its own use and the use of the army of occupation.*

In other words, you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. You can "conquer" a people but you can't make them support you; this is the lesson Schickelgruber is learning over the whole of occupied Europe. If this be the conqueror's lot, he can have it!

DARLAN: The little square-jawed Gascon called variously traitor and patriot has been brushed out of the war picture with an assassin's bullet; Darlan is dead, and there are few who shout "Long Live Darlan."

We may be doing the man an injustice; his status as traitor, truth be told, has never been established beyond doubt. Not many of the French liked or trusted him; President Roosevelt and the Allied Generals were criticized unmercifully for working with him. The final, absolute truth about him died when he died, before the murderer.

It was plain murder, but at whose instigation the slaying happened is also still in doubt. His slayer was French, with a mother living in Italy—which certainly is a broad hint at Axis intrigue. The Axis didn't trust Darlan, either.

On the good side, let's remember this about Darlan: the armistice he signed saved thousands of lives and weeks of time for the Allies in the Mediterranean campaign; he gave us Dakar; he undoubtedly made it possible for the sur-

viving units of the French fleet to join the war against the Boche; he was of tremendous aid in placing Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia under the Allied banner, which means new huge stores of wheat, barley, rye, olive oil and citrus fruits, manganese, lead, copper, iron, phosphates, zinc and mercury. Let's remember that and let the rest disintegrate in the shifting sands of the desert where he fought and died.

TURN: A year ago, the Rising Sun flag was certainly rising. It was on the offensive, everywhere. Wake Island and Hong Kong fell within twenty-four hours of each other; Manila was in a bad way and the Japanese were moving down into Malaya. The tide of the Nipponeese was at full tide.

But today, the tide has certainly turned. In New Guinea, that bothersome island which lies squarely in the path of the ships that travel from Japan to Australia, a mere handful of the Japanese is holding out against MacArthur's men in a suicidal attempt to keep their foothold; they will probably be liquated by the time you read this. In Burma, an impressive British offensive is in progress, aimed at reopening the Burma road; it may also be aimed at forcing the Japanese to withdraw troops from the Solomons area. The Japanese Navy has been licked—and badly licked—by an American force inferior in numbers, every time that Navy has dared show itself. The strength of the Nipponeese maritime fleet is being whittled down at an alarming rate. Ayé—the tide has turned.

On your map, these gains are so small that you can hardly trace them. But that isn't important; important here is the fact that the Allies are no longer retreating, no longer even on the defensive. The Allies attack!

MINES: The sinking of the transport *President Coolidge* was a sad event, for this editor; once upon a time he sailed on her, and seeing a ship on which one has sailed go down always seems like witnessing the death of an old friend. But it has its happy aspect, too, for it indicates that the Allied Nations may be using the floating mine to good effect in the Southwest Pacific.

Japan must use ships to transport her materials; those ships must sail waters that are easily mined. Her supplies (rubber, oil, rice, tin) come from an area that could easily be closed off, provided enough mine-layers can be put on the job. She must bring some of these materials, for instance, through the Malacca Straits; others must pass the narrow sea-isle between Surabaya and Banjermasin. And both those narrow passage-ways can be easily mined. The Gulf of Martaban, off Burma, is mineable. From Chinese Swatow through the Formosa Strait, and eastward as far as Tsushima Strait, every mile of the waters are mineable.

If these areas were mined, Japanese ships would either have to take their chances getting through these mines or detour miles out of their way through open ocean-routes where she would meet another destructive force every bit as deadly: the Allied submarine. Either way, the already overloaded Japanese cargo ships will be facing sudden death and annihilation.

CHURCH NEWS

HARMONY: By all odds, the news of the month and the news of the year is that of the big meeting of Protestant America at Cleveland. We refer to the joint session of the Federal Council, the Foreign Missions Council of North America, the Home Missions Council, the Missionary Education Movement and the United Council of Church Women. Nothing quite like this has happened in the last twenty-five years.

It was proposed at Cleveland that these bodies merge in one new "North American Council of Churches." The proposal roused a lively debate—as everyone expected. That isn't important. What is important is that such a tremendous group could get together at such a time to discuss such an idea. The fact that they gathered at all is amazing.

The actions of the assembly would fill several pages. We think the declaration on the Church and War a very fine declaration; we think the statement on Religious Freedom is a classic, and a statement that we needed very much to hear. More vital than mere declarations—which are forgotten, however good or bad they are—is what is going to happen during the next two years in Protestantism, when the denominations and boards discuss the proposal of the North American Council. A ball has been started rolling here that will gather speed, fast; watch it closely.

It is interesting to compare this movement with the late lamented Interchurch World Movement. That Movement started from the top, and worked down—and the Movement collapsed. This North American Council idea has worked from the bottom up; it is spontaneous; it has grown out of individual talking with individual, and it is altogether wholesome.

FUEL: Sunday morning, ye editor was so cold in church that his teeth chattered. The church heats with oil; the preacher is worried; he is talking about "shutting up shop."

Few churches will have to shut up shop, however low the oil supply is drained—but there are a lot of churches that might well shut down on some activities for the duration. There isn't any very good reason why a large church

auditorium should be heated on a week-day night for fifteen or twenty people; the Boy Scouts might get along in the scoutmaster's basement; the Ladies' Sewing Circle might sew just as well—and talk just as well—in Mrs. Jones's parlor as in the church parlor.

RATIONED: The newspapers and magazines of America are in for a rationing—and it will hurt. From the War Production Board comes word that newsprint in the U.S. will be asked to cut ten percent, based on its 1941 usage. The magazines are also to be cut, we don't know yet just how much. But look for it, in *Christian Herald*. We will be forced to use lighter paper, and perhaps fewer pages, very soon.

It is only fair for the religious magazines to take their share of this. Truth be told, there is much "religious publishing" that could be cut without very much harm being done; be it also said here that some of our overstuffed Sunday newspapers could be cut about eighty-five percent and not one reader in ten thousand would care.

Religious periodicals will shrink physically; may they not shrink spiritually!

PROGRAM: The most fascinating document yet to come out of Protestant ranks since Pearl Harbor has just come from the Christian Conference on War and Peace. It is fascinating first because of what it says, second because of the names of those who sign it.

This is "A Program For Action," which hints of real teeth. Lacking space here to give it in detail, we give our readers its four main points, viz:

I. Win the War and Win the Chance to build a Better World.

II. Set up a Council of the United Nations Now to Prosecute the War and Plan the Peace.

III. Develop Economic Cooperation by the United Nations to Raise Standards of Living Throughout the World.

IV. Extend Democracy at Home—Eliminate Racial Discrimination—Enlarge Economic Opportunity.

And among the signers we read the names of Atkinson, Bowie, Bradbury, Arlo Brown, Clinchy, Coffin, Holt, Horton, Hough, Inman, Leiper, McConnell, Niebuhr, Nixon, Oldham, Poling, Rall, Shipler, St. George Tucker and Van Dusen. To say they are familiar names is to put it mildly: these are the leaders of American Protestantism, and they have advanced a program that is enough to make those who plan to sit at the peace table stop, look and listen. If Protestantism can stand for a program like this, these soldiers shall not have died in vain.

TOKYO: All Protestant churches in Japan have been dissolved, and will henceforth be included in one single organization: the Church of Christ in Japan. A Tokyo radio spokesman has said that "for the first time in the history of

modern Christianity, a nation-wide unification of all Protestant denominations has been effected on a permanent basis." The new set-up includes "the major part of the Episcopal Church, the YM and YWCA and the Association of Women's Temperance Unions."

According to radio reports, this new church "renounces the concept of Nipponese Christianity and asserts Kirisuto Kyo or Christianity of Japan." That may be a smoke screen; at this point, your editor can't seem to find out just what it means. But he does know that there are other smoke screens here, behind which the action is taking place.

But put this down in your notebook: whether it is one big church in Japan or whether it is a return to the old denominational divisions, they will receive the Western missionary with open arms when the war is over—on one condition. That condition is that the United Nations win.

TEMPERANCE

REGENERATION: Cooperating church organizations in Kentucky, working together as the Kentucky Christian Citizenship Council, have been told by the State Assistant Attorney General that their principal objective should be the reeducation and "regeneration" of the voting population of Kentucky. He maintained that "a government never rises higher than the character and morals of its leaders," and then the State Revenue Commissioner told them that the enforcement of the liquor laws in dry counties was almost devoid of any cooperation whatever between federal, state and local officials. The two statements fit together like a dovetail joint.

We wonder if there is still a Christian alive who dreams that it is enough just to pray for a better way of life? We wonder whether we are ever going to get a really Christian way of life or citizenship until the churches roll up their sleeves and go to work to establish it?

TIRADE: *Collier's Magazine* is making quite a to-do over an article by Representative James W. Wadsworth. It is entitled "What The Army Drinks," and the idea seems to be to tell the American people that (1) the Army is not made up of a lot of drunks but that (2) the best fighters in the army are the beer-drinkers.

But what interests us about his article is that half way through it, he forgets all about the army and goes berserk over local option. Local option is bad. Very bad—for the brewers. And that is evidently the one salient in the temperance picture that still makes a Congressman stop, look and listen. All Mr. Wadsworth accomplishes in his tirade against it is a veiled warning that we had better not have any more local option.

Never Beyond This Shore

HERE at the sea's edge is as near to Jim as I can go. Other women have gone farther than this. There were women on Corregidor; women have gone to Ireland and Australia and Iceland; women have been lost in the Battle of the Atlantic.

But I know I would be foolish to dream of serving as they have. For a woman to go farther than this shore demands a special skill, complete independence—and I have neither.

No, my task is here, here in the little storm-tight house that sits back from the cove, here with my son.

And if I become discontent with the seeming smallness of my task, Jim's words come back to steady me. "I'm leaving you a very important job, Mary. Until this war is won, there won't be any more evenings when we can sit by the fireside and plan our tomorrows together. It will be up to you to make the plans for the three of us."

"Mary," he said, "keep our dreams alive." * * *

MAKE no little plans, you who build the dream castles here at home. When you try to imagine the future, after he returns, be sure your imaginings are full of bright and cheerful hues, for that world of tomorrow will be resplendent in things you don't know—never even imagined. Allow for wonderful new developments in such fields as television, fluorescent lighting, plastics. And leave a flexible horizon for the marvels that are sure to come from the new science of electronics. When you're dreaming of your better tomorrow, count on us. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE VOLUME of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.



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GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

CHRISTIAN

Jerald

►►►►►►►►►► FEBRUARY 1943



RICKENBACKER AND ELIJAH

GRANTING the reasonable accuracy of the statistics of religion, there are considerably more than seventy million Americans who do not belong to or attend any church of any faith. In greater Philadelphia alone, out of a population of two million, there are more than eight hundred and fifty thousand of our unchurched population. How are these men and women, young and older, to be further classified? Generally they are law-abiding citizens; they also have a part in the country's war effort. They are in business, professional life and industry while their sons are with the colors.

There are indications that these seventy million are not irreligious. There are profoundly moving stories of prayer experiences among them. "The Raft," than which no more thrilling tale has come out of the war, described men long removed from the direct influence of any church conducting prayer meetings through thirty-four days of incredible survival on a rubber raft. That story is an epic for any century. And Eddie Rickenbacker's account of answered prayer while adrift on the storm-swept Pacific is not less dramatic than the Bible story of the ravens that fed hungry Elijah. One hour after praying for food a seagull lighted on the famous flyer's shoulder. He tells us that but for seven eye witnesses he would not have had courage to relate the experience. The Stidger article in this same issue gives us the spiritual background of Eddie Rickenbacker.

Clearly these seventy million are not infidels. They do not scoff at religion. They do cry for bread when they are hungry, for courage when they are afraid, for comfort when they are hurt. They do seek the safety of their loved ones who are engaged in battle. However it may be expressed, they have a vital faith in a Power, without and above them, but they do not belong to any church. Perhaps the majority of these seventy million have at one period in their lives crossed the threshold of a sanctuary and have been, however briefly, influenced by organized religion. Even Dillinger, the gunman, once attended a Sunday School.

Just why are there more than seventy million unchurched men and women in the United States? Surely competition—radio, amusements, recreation

on Sunday, the automobile, movies and economic pressure—does not account for all of it. If competition is the answer, then churchmen should be red in the face! My father once said: "Fill the people and the people will fill the pews." Are these unchurched millions "just that way"? I think not.

There are many answers for those who would have them, but for me there is one great answer that emerged from a conversation with a publisher of secular magazines,—"pulps", if you please. His periodicals sell fifteen million copies on the newsstands every month. The most widely circulated cook-book in the world carries his name; it is printed in ninety-six pages, and retails for ten cents in the five-and-ten stores and on newsstands. Each new edition prints two million copies. This publisher had come to me asking for printed prayers to be used in his periodicals. He said, "My readers want them. A girl has a fiance in Egypt or the Solomons and she wants to pray for his safety and return." He went on to describe the various prayer needs of his readers: "I wrote five clergymen in each of three faiths—distinguished men whose names are in the daily press—asking them to write prayers and offering generous honorariums. But when the prayers came, I couldn't use them. I, myself, couldn't understand their language and I knew my readers wouldn't know what these clergymen were talking about—they spoke a language "not of my world." He looked at me half-smiling and concluded, "I suppose you think we are all morons and perhaps we are. But we do want to pray."

I had no disposition to call my visitor a moron, but later I felt like calling myself something worse, for I discovered that had I written a prayer in reply to his request, it would have been quite as inadequate as those of my Catholic, Protestant and Jewish brethren. Granted that the request missed the true or at least the full import of prayer, granted its "gimme" quality, it nevertheless voiced a sincere desire. Jesus always met sincerity with sincerity. He answered prayers for bread, for healing and for the safety of loved ones. He met people where they were and led them on to deeper things and richer experiences. He did not try to teach a hungry multitude—He gave them bread for life before He broke the "Bread of Life", and He did not despise the first halting effort nor did He philosophize about it.

Referring to the popular gospel songs sung on "The Raft" during that appalling journey, one Protestant paper said editorially: "What a travesty that they had no better help than these songs afforded.

(Continued on page 55)



Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

I was a Prisoner of THE JAPANESE

THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, MUST REMAIN ANONYMOUS. THE EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD KNOWS HIM TO BE A MISSIONARY IN KOREA, AND A MAN OF UNDOUBTED VERACITY AND HIGH STANDING

WAS a prisoner of Japan. I have just come out of that horror—but if you are looking for one of those atrocity story articles, you had better stop reading right here. I suffered, yes—but no more and probably not as much as the Japanese themselves are suffering now, certainly no more than the Koreans and the Chinese have suffered. I come back to you not with a long sad tale of brutality and torture, but with another message. Read it carefully: The money that you folks in America have been spending on missions in the East is the best investment you have ever made; it has created between the people of the East and the American people the only bond of understanding and the only ray of hope that is left; the seed of the Gospel which you have planted there has only just begun to grow; the Church of Jesus Christ in Japan, China and Korea is absolutely indestructible. Please memorize that!

I say I suffered. Some of this was inflicted suffering, but most of it was due to nothing more than the chaos of war and to the brutality that is roused everywhere once the bugles begin to blow and the killing begins. I bear no malice; I cannot hate; I only want to get back to the mission field and get to work again.

The police came for me on December

7th—on the very day they bombed Pearl Harbor. We were bundled off to internment at the Methodist Theological Seminary in Seoul, twelve of us—six missionaries, a Hungarian chemist, two White Russians, an American banker, a retired Canadian mining man and a young lady. We were well treated at the Seminary. We had our own bedding, for which we were paid five sen (a little over one cent) a day; food was brought in to us from our homes; we had plenty of books and games, and the English paper published in Tokyo. Having from two to five guards in the room with us wasn't particularly pleasant, but we made the best of it. The worst part of it was in being cut off from our families.

The real trouble began when they moved those of us who were "suspicious cases" to the police station, where we were crowded twenty at a time into eleven by eleven foot cells. We slept on the bare wooden floor; I had my overcoat for cover, and the corner of a blanket. We could not speak to each other, but only to our guards. For a week at a time I did not stir out of that cell. And then there was the food. What food! A contractor was being paid by the government to feed us, at the rate of 11

sen—or less than three cents—per day. The contractor had to make his profit out of that, and I think he made plenty. We lived on a diet of one small bowl of boiled rice, a tiny portion of boiled burdock roots and a half cup of warm water, three times a day. We all began to lose weight. There was no exercise, no chance to keep clean, nothing to read—and a lot of lice! One day Dr. Miller's cellmates went over him and his clothes and they picked off six hundred of the little pests. This was hard, but it was understandable. All Korea—and all Japan, for that matter—was on a limited diet, in jail or out of jail. All living conditions were hard; people everywhere lived in a state of suspense.

There were, we found, six degrees of "examination," or torture, that might be applied to any of us. They began with verbal threats and abuse, followed by the water-cure, the "aeroplane," and other more hideous forms of torture. I got the water-cure once, and I never want it again. Do you know the water-cure? The victim is trussed up like a pig, thrown on his back, and then pails of water are poured in his face until he confesses. It isn't nice. The water stops when he faints, begins again when he comes to, and goes on until he confesses

or until his torturers give it up as a bad job. It is a brutal business. It is a part of the complete madness of war.

I suppose I should be bitter about this, but I am not. As a matter of fact, I understand that the Japanese police had a perfectly good reason for treating me to the water-cure. You see, I am the world's worst typist. The Japanese police got hold of some letters I had mailed, and when they saw all those awful mistakes they leaped to the conclusion that I had written the letters *in code*. Code had been used by some others to get out information to America. What, they wanted to know, was I trying to tell America with this code? I had a tough time of it trying to convince them that these were only typist's errors! I had also published some articles in which they thought there were "hidden meanings." But I was lucky; I was only examined via the water route once.

For weeks I was treated as a criminal, spoken to in the rudest possible language, subjected to beatings and other indignities. But one evening I was called to the bars of the cell, to confront one of the guards who had just come on to watch us through the night. He spoke to me:

"Do you know me, honorable teacher?"
"No," I replied. "In this light and



The Koreans, like the rest of the Asiatics, are rapidly becoming modernized. Above is an old Korean scholar, as indicated by his headgear, of a type which is rapidly disappearing. At the left is a thoroughly modern Korean, Rev. Tai Young Lee, leading Korean Protestant missionary in China. On the opposite page, top, a Korean funeral procession, apparently of a prominent person. Center, some Buddhist sages, and bottom, women in Pyengyang, Korea, waiting for Sunday School to be over, so they can study. All photos courtesy The Presbyterian Board of Missions

without my glasses (our glasses were taken from us lest we try to kill ourselves) I'm afraid I can't see you well enough to tell who you are."

He came closer and whispered, "I am _____, who graduated from your honorable school in the class of _____. And he was! For half an hour the police cell and the bars faded away and we stood there and talked of old times, as teacher and student again, as friends. Unless you have felt the brutal rudeness of the language of the Japanese police you cannot understand what that half hour meant to me.

"Honorable head-master," he begged,

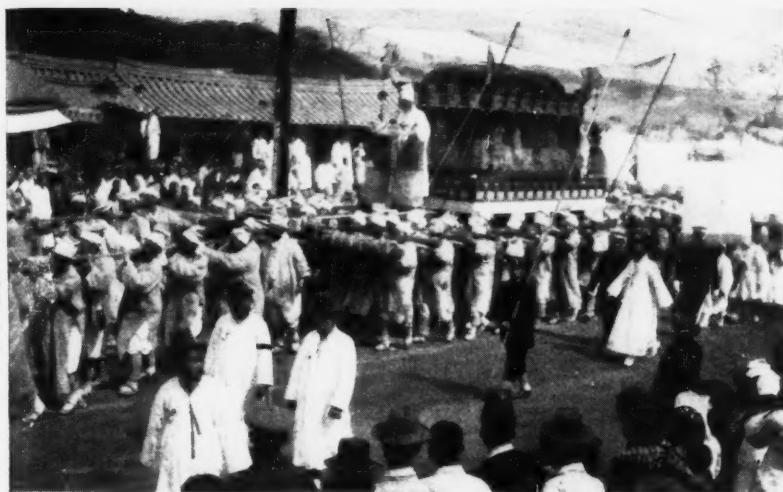
"what can I do for you?"

I told him I needed nothing—which was not quite true, but it was the best answer I could make, under the circumstances. He left me, and went out to join a group of his soldier-comrades around the stove where they did all their cooking. Shortly, he was at my cell door again. He pushed through a little saucer of sliced pickled turnip, which the police ate with their rice. Our rice was cooked entirely without salt, and the few shreds of boiled roots that went with it were practically tasteless. We longed for a little seasoning—and here were eight slices of it! I divided it with two

sick men in the cell, and we ate it with all the relish of men eating their Thanksgiving dinner.

A pretty gesture, you think, on the cop's part? Don't fool yourself. It was a lot more than that. He would have been in serious trouble if his superiors had caught him passing food to prisoners, for prisoners to the Japanese are not supposed to be treated like human beings. This boy's loyalty was too much for that barbarism. Who was it who said that "Night brings out the stars?"

Aye—night brings out the stars; perversity brings forth faith; this war is bringing the seeds of Christianity to full



so that he could rest his aching arms and hands. They knew too well that if the guard caught them at this, they would get the same punishment themselves. They did this for men who were total strangers! It is one thing to lay down your life for your friend; it is quite another to face torture for a total stranger.

I never got the "airplane" myself; if I had been ordered up there, I should have refused, for my leaky heart would never have stood it. But I saw it over and over, and the memory of the heroic actions of the other men in the cell is something I will never forget. And though most of them were not Christians, I cannot forget that One who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

On the seventeenth day of my stay in the cell, I got a meal from home. Crisp radishes, fresh lettuce, creamed potatoes, a small hamburger! And the next day, with another home meal, there were flowers. I did not know the whole story until I was released. Then my wife told me that our Christian servant-boy was really responsible for the flowers. The first day he came with my home-cooked food, he had a bouquet for me, but the officer in charge pulled them out of the basket and hurled them to the floor. "No flowers for him!" snarled the officer. The boy picked the blossoms up, blew the dust from them, and set them on the desk of the official. "If the master cannot have them," he said, "Then you shall have them!" The next day, the flowers got through to me. Love your enemies; do good to those who spitefully use you!

If you are under the impression that all the prisoners of the Japanese have been mistreated, let me remind you that out of the 141 missionaries brought out of occupied territory by one Board of Foreign Missions, *only three report mistreatment!* And these there were interned in Korea, not in Japan.

Those who have suffered most tell the most thrilling stories of the Christian gallantry of native Chinese, Koreans and Japanese. At one of our churches in China, the first Sunday after Pearl Harbor, Japanese guards stood at the door challenging those who came for the service: 1600 people that day defied the guards and attended the services of the Church. In Nodoa, Hainan, even before the eighth of December, not one of our chapels was occupied by a Christian pastor, or was being used for Christian worship; two chapels had been bombed, three were burned, two were being used by the invaders and the rest were looted or partially destroyed. Yet not one of those pastors, evangelists or Bible women stopped working! In some of the coastal regions of China the people fled as the Japanese approached, taking shelter

(Continued on page 52)

bloom—right in the Japanese police force!

This is no isolated instance; it has happened time and time again. During the time we were in those police-station cells, we were at the mercy of the police who guarded us. Sometimes it seemed to me that from sheer boredom they beat their victims; sometimes it was done to break down a suspect, or to soften him up for examination. Sometimes it was for breaking cell rules. The most cruel form was ordering the culprit to "make an airplane." This was done by forcing him to suspend himself from a beam in

the ceiling, holding himself in mid-air, with his bare feet thrust through the bars of the window. The guard struck his feet with a bamboo slat—from outside the cell. He struck with all his might, enjoying the sufferer's efforts to dodge. After half an hour of this, he was left to hang there for an hour, or two hours. If he let go and fell to the floor, he was in for another beating.

Brutal? Yes, very brutal. But more impressive than the brutality were the actions of the men in the cell, who took turns supporting the dangling victim on their heads or on their uplifted hands,

By

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

EDDIE RICKENBACKER, landing in San Francisco after his seventeen-day perilous drifting on a rubber raft in the South Pacific said to a mutual friend of mine and his: "We never stopped praying, and God was with us on our raft all the time. I could feel Him there. I'm a practical sort of a man; I deal with machinery and material things, but I am sure of that. God was on our raft!"

"We had no rain until the eighth night. We saw nothing in the way of searching planes or ships. The little boy in my boat had an issue Bible in his pocket of his jumper, and the second day out we organized little prayer meetings in the evening and morning and took turns about reading passages from the Bible, and *frankly and humbly we prayed for our deliverance.*"

Several weeks before Eddie landed in San Francisco, safe and sound after his trying days at sea, a phone rang in a New York apartment house and Gen. Henry H. Arnold commanding general of the Army Air forces speaking from Washington, D. C., said to Mrs. Rickenbacker, "I have good news for you. Eddie is safe."

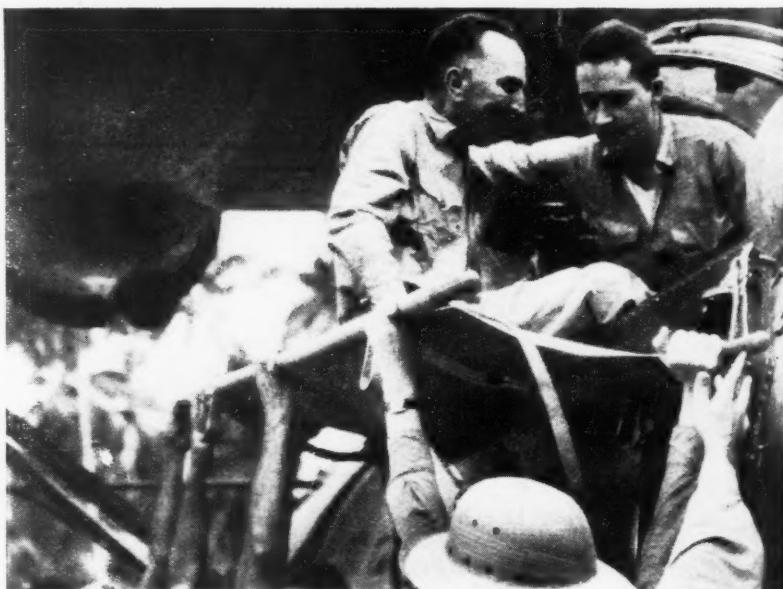
"God bless you!" was all that Mrs. Rickenbacker could say in reply. Then, getting control of herself she added: "I knew it! I knew it! I have prayed night and day since he was lost. Mayor LaGuardia asked the whole city to pray—and I know a lot of them did; at least Eddie's friends did—and we did; I knew he would be brought back safely. I felt it in my bones . . ."

A little later Eddie's mother said, "None of us ever gave up hope; we were sure all the time that he would be found. I prayed night and day and God is good!" That seventy-nine year old mother, Eddie himself, and his wife never lost hope. They all prayed; they all believed that Eddie would be found. And the general public shrugged its shoulders and turned to other things, half believing that this was something merely inspired by the moment's experience, unaware that this praying business is and always has been a normal part of the lives of this trio. They did not just start praying when they were in a tight spot. The Rickenbackers have always been church people and prayer has always been a part of their vocabulary.

I have known Eddie for twenty years and I for one do not want this episode to pass by without calling attention to this rather important fact, that prayer is not merely an emergency matter with Eddie and his fine family. It is a daily habit and a good one. When Eddie said "God



© PRESS ASSOCIATION
Rickenbacker and his party rode in the big raft



© PRESS ASSOCIATION
Rickenbacker is moved by stretcher, following his rescue from a life raft in the South Pacific

was on our raft!" he meant it.

His remark takes me back twenty years to Detroit. We were sitting beside each other at a Rotary Club luncheon. They asked me to offer a short prayer. I did, and later I spoke to the club. Most of the

men congratulated me at the end of the meeting on the speech I had made, but when Eddie came up to me he said: "Doctor, I want to thank you for that prayer. I believe in prayer and I like to hear prayers at our lodges and clubs."



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Mrs. Rickenbacker stands in front of an oil painting of her hero husband at the Grand Central Art Galleries, New York. The painting is by artist Howard Chandler Christy

Captain Rickenbacker as he arrived in New York from Atlanta, Georgia, where he had been recuperating from serious injuries suffered in a plane crash. With him are his sons, David (left) and Billy



© WIDE WORLD

This episode on the raft not only took me back to Detroit in the early twenties but it took me back to those three boys who were lost for thirty-four days on "The Raft" in those same South Pacific seas a few weeks before Eddie had his perilous experience. Dixon, the navigator

and his wonders in the deep."

John Masefield in "The Everlasting Mercy" has Saul Kane, the prize fighter after a night of drunken debauchery celebrating a ring victory, leaning out of the window of his room sick in body and soul; sick of himself, sick of everything

of that small rubber raft, said at that time to reporters: "I figured the Lord would help those who helped themselves so I set out immediately to take advantage of everything I could, especially of the few materials available to me. I thought it might be a good idea to say a little prayer, so on our second night adrift we had a prayer meeting: we sang hymns, 'When The Roll is Called up Yonder, I'll Be There' and 'The Little Brown Church in the Vale.' After our prayer-meeting we all felt better. There was comfort in passing our burden to someone bigger than we were in that empty space, that vastness of sea. There seemed to be a fourth member of our party after that prayer meeting."

The men in this war, when they find themselves in a situation which is too much for them to handle, always turn to somebody bigger than themselves and that somebody is always God. The Psalmist of old, being a poet, caught the meaning of these modern days when so many of our boys are being brought down in the seas: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord

that he is. As he leans out of that window, the cool notes of the chapel bell ring; and a cock crows and Saul says:

"And then a cock crew flappin' wings
And sommat made me think o' things!"
That's it: "Sommat made me think o' things."

We would all be Christians, we would all be kind, loving, tender with each other; we would all pray and acknowledge our dependence upon a Higher Being if we ever stopped to think! War calls out like a sentinel in the night; calls out to our indifference, our self-sufficiency, our human egotism: "Halt, who goes there?" "And then a cock crew flappin' wings, and sommat made me think o' things." Men turn to God in wartime because there is no other place to turn.

But back to my friend Eddie Rickenbacker. The first time I met him was in an Aviation Mess in Toul, France during World War One. I was stationed in an old warehouse, driving a Pierce Arrow Truck down the Toul line every evening between midnight and dawn, hauling supplies into the front line trenches. When daylight came and we had returned from our night trip, we spent an hour getting our trucks ready for that night's trip. One morning I heard a shout: "Look at Rickenbacker on the tail of that Boche plane!"

I hurried out from under my truck and looked up into the sky. Sure enough, there was an American flier on the tail of a German plane; and quicker than it takes to tell it the German started to fall from the sky with smoke and fire trailing out behind him. The American plane flew leisurely around Toul two or three times and then glided to the ground.

I went back to my work on the car, thrilled over the sight of my first air battle, although it was mild compared with the battles in this war. I had seen that morning just two planes in mortal combat; today there are hundreds in a single engagement. It so happened that the next day I had to take some supplies to the Aviation Field at the edge of Toul and, having a friend there from San Jose, California, Doug Campbell, I was invited to the mess for lunch. There I met Eddie Rickenbacker, and, in the course of the conversation I told him that I had seen him bring the German down the day before. Much to my surprise Eddie didn't seem very much excited or very happy about it. He didn't seem to want to talk about it. But before the visit was over he said, "It's my business to bring 'em down and I do my best—but I don't like seeing a man fall to his death, as that boy fell yesterday. I always think of his mother back home; I know how my mother would feel if that happened to me."

I have never, through all these years, forgotten that day. I have had more respect for Eddie Rickenbacker since that statement. Later Doug Campbell, said to me, when I repeated what Eddie had said

(Continued on page 52)



© U. S. Army Signal Corps

Barnstorming for Brotherhood, a rabbi, a priest and a Presbyterian minister pose at Camp Joseph T. Robertson, in Arkansas, following a camp forum

BROTHERHOOD OR CHAOS

TO PUT the ideals of American democracy into one sentence is anything but easy. But actually, it has been done in one word: brotherhood. We are to hear that word often during Brotherhood Week this month. We shall hear it spoken in church pulpits, on public platforms, in civic observances, in schools, over the radio.

America, the home of fifty nationalities, will proclaim brotherhood as the one big idea it wants to share with all the world.

Our soldiers will talk about it, as they have talked ever since they were called to be its champions against the Cains of this day.

We spoke to thousands of these men, recently, as we barnstormed through a string of military camps from Arkansas in Oklahoma and Texas. With the writer, who is a Protestant minister, were Roman Catholic Archbishop Robert E. Lucey and Rabbi Morris S. Lazarus of Baltimore. The trip, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, was, in one respect, a unique one. Many priests have traveled with ministers and rabbis on interfaith teams, but this was the first time a member of the Roman Catholic hierarchy had done so. We slept on trains, traveled by automo-

By
EVERETT R. CLINCHY
Director of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.



PROTESTANT, CATHOLIC AND JEW HAVE IN COM- MON AN UNDEVELOPED BROTHERHOOD WHICH MUST BECOME THE KEY- STONE OF THE NEW DEMOCRACY, IF THAT DE- MOCRACY IS TO SURVIVE



bile from 150 to 200 miles each day to the various camps, spoke from four to seven times each day, counseled with hundreds of chaplains of all creeds, addressed large gatherings of officers and

men, joined in numerous group discussions.

We met frequently in an informal atmosphere, encouraging comments and questions, and we liked the easeful, sometimes unconventional manner in which the men expressed themselves. We went to exhibit brotherhood; we found it already on the ground, working!

We listened to a sun-tanned, giant-size Missourian. . . .

"Brotherhood? Sure, we know what you mean. It's simple." The speaker pointed to two strapping young fellows among the soldiers gathered around us, curious to hear what we had to say. "Bill, there is a Catholic. Sam's a Jew. Me? I'm a Methodist. Six months ago we three didn't know the other fellow even existed. Now we're eating together, sleeping together, working and playing together. Pretty soon we'll be fighting together. That's brotherhood, isn't it? And you'll find it all over the camp. Heck, a fellow has a right to his own religion, just as he has a right to his name, whether it's Wysocki, or Callahan, or Cohen. We're Americans, all of us, and brotherhood to us means giving the other fellow the same chance we want for ourselves."

"And no favors shown," another sol-

CHRISTIAN HERALD



Left to Right, Dr. Clinchy, Director A. W. Gottschall of the Southern Region, NCCJ and Col. William R. Arnold, Chief of Chaplains

© Buckingham Studios



NCCJ Units, all over the United States, carry on an all-year-round program of understanding and cooperation under the guidance of the leaders of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish groups

dier chimed in. "Take our sergeant, for instance."

That got a laugh.

"This morning, after breakfast, the top-kick lines us up. 'If there are any experienced trucks drivers in this outfit,' he says, 'they may step two paces forward.' Well, a dozen of us stepped out of ranks, thinking we were in for something soft, something special. What do you suppose they marched us to? Twelve wheelbarrows. That's brotherhood in the army!"

"Yeah?" a chubby-faced Easterner said, "And after your bunch was marched off, Sarge smiles real friendly-like and wants to know, 'Have we any engineers or contractors capable of de-

signing highways?' Six of us volunteered. I was one. We did our bit that day at a cinder pile with shovels and rakes, surfacing a path to the guardhouse!"

When the laughter subsided, the tall man from Missouri turned to us.

"Don't take us too seriously. We're not griping. We know the army's training us for a big job. Our morale's high. We're in deadly earnest about winning this war. We've got the right slant on a lot of things. You're working for brotherhood; but we're one step ahead of you, because we're the soldiers of brotherhood."

"We have a great country. It isn't perfect, but we've got along so far by

holding fast to our Bill of Rights. We're everybody under the sun, and we've proved that with a little patience and understanding, human beings, no matter where they come from or what religion they profess, can hit it off pretty well. If you want to tell Americans that brotherhood will help to win this war and make the world a better place to live in, go to it. We're with you all the way."

Escorted on our tour by a colonel, we found everywhere a readiness to discuss brotherhood in down-to-earth terms.

One red-headed soldier from Illinois nodded approval as Colonel Cohee, a chaplain with the D. S. M. and the Croix de Guerre for heroism under fire in the last war, spoke of the United States being at death grips with "a brutal paganism."

"A paganism," the chaplain pointed out, "that denies every advance that man has made, that would impose upon us a code that sets race against race and which puts the accident of birth above the brotherhood of man."

"I think we're pretty clear on that, Chaplain," the soldier interrupted. "But haven't we got to practice a little more brotherhood among ourselves before we start to sell the idea to other people?"

At this point Rabbi Lazaron spoke up. "Of course we have to clean house ourselves; but that shouldn't keep us from spreading the idea anywhere or anytime we get the chance. The essential thing is that we are willing to study and remedy our own defects. The men in uniform—in camp and on the battlefield—are setting a fine example. All of us are learning new lessons. Let us pray that when the war is over we shall retain these insights into the other fellow's mind and heart and return to normal life determined to rout out the prejudices that debase our democracy."

"Do you think an Allied victory will ensure equal opportunity for all nations and among all races?" The question came from a slim, quiet-spoken fellow who had been following our discussion with obvious interest.

Archbishop Lucey replied:

"Let's not say *ensure*; for, after all, we cannot predict what conditions will be like or how people will react when the war has ended. But this much we can say: When the war is over we must give the world an international security, which simply means that if the democracies of the world can unite to fight, they ought to unite for a decent and lasting peace."

"In our country particularly, citizens must learn that our nation belongs to the family of nations and that our people belong to the human race. They must understand that peace is not a blessing that drops down upon us like rain from heaven. Peace is a blessing that we must work out for ourselves by the grace of God. Peace must be studied

—it must be planned—it must be organized."

Our little circle was about to break up when a handsome ex-rancher walked in, grinned and drawled:

"What chuck are you passin' around?"

"We're talking about brotherhood, Butch," someone answered. "Got anything to say?"

"Brotherhood? Well, boys, anytime you want to see brotherhood in action, stop in at the G. I. barber shop."

He lifted his denim work hat to reveal a sea of dark hair surrounded by a barren beach of machine-cropped scalp.

"Know how long it took the barber to give me that hair-cut? Fifty-three seconds! 'Every man the same,' the barber tells me. 'We gotta be brotherly.' And darned if he didn't turn out five more guys in the next five minutes without using his scissors once!"

ARMY chaplains are best qualified to speak of the spirit of cooperation and brotherhood prevalent in training camps throughout the country. The senior chaplain at Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri, recalls in a letter that when the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles was being observed, a Catholic carpenter built the Succah or booth in the Post chapel and a Lutheran helper brought in harvest products and helped decorate it.

Another interesting situation presented itself when the Catholic chaplain required the occasional use of the Jewish Holy Ark as a tabernacle for special services. The Jewish chaplain agreed to keep the Holy Scroll of the Law and other sacred objects in a sacred vault during the Catholic observances.

Chaplains on duty with the soldiers overseas have told many tales of inter-faith friendships both among themselves and among the men they serve. It is still true, however, that in army training camps, as well as in civilian circles, Axis-inspired propaganda is being actively circulated to defeat American unity. The Axis strategy is to divide and conquer. It is a strategy that is being worked for all it is worth, and it is being helped by those who endanger the common good to exploit prejudices too often based upon rumor and deception.

Brotherhood and truth are the most effective antidotes to these poisonous influences.

SIFTING fact from fiction, regional officials of the National Conference of Christians and Jews have cooperated with public officials in removing racial tensions in many areas. In Peoria, Ill., for example, a dangerous and persistent rumor was circulated to the effect that Jewish residents were "dodging the draft." A thorough investigation revealed that while Jews were only 1 per cent of the population, they were supplying men to the army in a ratio of 6 per cent. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, similar charges were

made; NCCJ representatives got together with local officials and proved that Tulsa Jews, far from shirking their duty, were responding to selective service demands in much greater proportion than the general population. In a Southwestern city complaints were made that Jewish junk dealers were holding back on local scrap collections. A detailed inquiry showed that two Jewish scrap dealers had held out, but when the situation was made clear to them, they were quickly brought into line.

The enemy's plain purpose is to keep Americans at cross purposes. Hence the ceaseless flow of innuendo, rumor and half-truth that make brotherhood efforts so necessary.

Fifth columnists are the noise-makers of America; their efforts are calculated to create or intensify irritations between American groups. Catholics are told that Protestants are secularists, that they foster atheistic schools, that they can't be trusted. Protestants are told that Catholics cannot be good Americans, or that the Catholic Church does not believe in democracy. Both Protestants and Catholics are spurred to hate the Jews.

Appeals are made to the nationalist prejudices of the Irish; the English are warned against Irish "fifth columnists." Race is set against race; white man is set against Negro, enemy agents seek to sow dissension between employers and workers. Religious, racial and cultural differences are underscored in the hope that we shall forget how alike we are in our needs and aims. We are never encouraged to remember that brotherhood is the best insurance for all people everywhere.

IN a little village in southern France—once sharply divided on religious grounds—groups of Protestant and Catholic youth decided to erect a huge wooden cross, painted in white and bearing the inscription, "Let us be united." One Sunday morning the young people carried the cross to the village square, where they joined in reciting the Lord's Prayer. Young men placed farm produce at the base of the cross and later distributed it to needy families of both faiths. That was brotherhood in action.

In our own country we witness ever-increasing evidences of the "Let us be united" spirit. It prevails throughout the churches. It is a watchword among our soldiers, among defense workers, in national defense councils, in USO and many other forms of patriotic endeavor. It is found in numerous charitable undertakings by Protestants, Catholics and Jews in which only the *need* is recognized, not the creeds or beliefs of the recipients. It recalls the quaintly ambiguous sign placed outside a hospital conducted by a group of foreign nuns: "We treat all diseases and have no respect for religion."

But because it sometimes lacks the

color and drama that is supposed to make good headlines, the story of brotherhood is often overlooked, given little publicity. In Cincinnati, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish religious leaders formed a Spiritual Morale Committee which, besides its efforts on behalf of men entering the army, issued a noteworthy statement on war aims which was read from local pulpits of the three faiths. In Canonsburg, Pa., a Jew—Harry Katz, son of Jewish immigrants and secretary of the local B'nai B'rith—started a community campaign to preserve the famous Log College, a landmark of the Presbyterian Church. Representatives of seven religious denominations organized the Textile Ministers and Religious Workers Association to foster cooperation among various faiths working in the mill sections of Greensboro, N. C. When St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Lynn, Mass., was destroyed by fire, trustees of the neighboring First Methodist Church offered the homeless congregation the use "of such parts of our building as you can use." In reply, Monsignor Joseph F. McGlinchey wrote: "It is only in time of trouble that we learn to know our friends." Members of the Cincinnati Lodge of B'nai B'rith donated over \$300 to needy St. Mary's (Catholic) Hospital.

FEW people know that American rabbis have filled pulpits in Christian churches, conducted a joint Hanukkah-Christmas program for junior high school students in Minneapolis and a graduate course in a Catholic university on the philosophy of one of Judaism's greatest leaders.

And here is something to think over the next time you see an American flag on display. A Pennsylvania worsted manufacturer, it is recorded, decided to find out how many nationalities were represented in the production of American flags in his factory. He found the various operations were handled as follows: sorted by an American; carded by an Italian; spun by a Swede; warped by a German; drawn by a Scotsman; woven by a Belgian; inspected by a Frenchman; scoured by an Albanian; dyed by a Turk; pressed by a Pole, and examined by an Irishman!

The American Constitution is a charter of brotherhood. We should ponder its meaning, the opportunity and security it affords all of us. Our freedom is unique and precious. We should not take it for granted. Our courts function even in the midst of all-out war. We hold free elections. We worship as we please. We do not fear invasion of our homes, for there is no Gestapo to inquire into our private lives, to trump up false charges against us, to herd us, without trial, into concentration camps. Our press is free to criticize the government if it sees fit. Each Christian body, and every other religious society, has the

(Continued on page 57)



By Fred B. Barton

started to ebb, running along a stone wall on top of a little hill. Here Pickett charged, and fell back, and here the tide of the war turned in favor of the North. It took four days for that to happen—from the first of July to the fourth, in 1863—and on the last day General Lee left the field. If General Meade had fallen upon his badly beaten columns then and there he might have finished the Civil War. Meade didn't—but that's another story.

Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg was delivered on November 19th of that same year—1863.

Now when you have said all this, you have said about all you can say about the Gettysburg Address without getting into an argument. That is, the day of its delivery is about the only undisputed and known fact about the whole thing. Everything else is shrouded in obscurity. It may have been written in Gettysburg; it may have been written on the train coming up from Washington. It may have been written days before the train left Washington. It may have been written in full, or in notes. It may have been written on White House stationery, or on the back of an old yellow envelope. There has been so much argument over it that some of us are tempted to think it was never delivered at all!

Even those who heard the speech with their own ears tell widely conflicting stories as to Lincoln's manner of delivery, as to how and when and where this or that happened. It is possible, on the evidence of actual eye-witnesses, that Lincoln took his manuscript out of his side pocket before he arose and, finding it crumpled, smoothed it out on his knee. It is possible that he began to speak without the manuscript in his hand and produced it only after he had spoken one or two sentences and held it until he had finished. And then again, on equally valid evidence by other men who were also on the spot, you can prove that he used no manuscript at all but delivered the entire speech either extempore, trusting to the inspiration of the moment, or from memory.

You can prove almost anything about the Address from the books that have been written about it—books which say that Lincoln gripped the manuscript nervously with both hands, and never made a gesture, or that he held the manuscript in one hand and gestured blindly with the other, or that he began with his right hand extended and finished with both hands uplifted, as if in benediction.

Whether there was applause at the finish or no applause, is still a matter of debate. There are scholars who will swear that the Address was interrupted by applause and that there was prolonged applause at the close; that there was only a polite hand-clapping; that there was an utter silence, signifying the disappointment of Lincoln's audience; that there was no applause at all because the moment was too sacred for such a demonstration.

Why all the uncertainty? People usually pay strict attention to anything a President has to say. I think there is abundant evidence that the people who listened here were good, attentive listeners. The trouble is that the human memory is not infallible. What we remember is subject to the suggestions of others; in time, we come to remember about what we want to remember. The brief incident at Gettysburg, where a President with a high speaking-voice and a strange and almost unpleasant tone talked for two minutes, came in time to have an unexpectedly dramatic value to those who had heard it—a value it distinctly did not have when it was uttered.

These people do not wilfully lie. Year by year the fewer and fewer survivors of the Gettysburg dedication exercises found themselves more and more flattered and waited-upon; each one came to see himself as more and more a central figure in the exercises. He came to feel that he must have felt the awe of the moment.

As a matter of fact, he didn't; few felt any awe when this greatest of American speeches was (*Continued on page 51*)

THAT SPEECH AT *Gettysburg*



ABOUT all we have left of the Civil War is a few relics and "Gone With The Wind." The old bitternesses have passed into the limbo of forgotten things—and please God, may they stay there! It is to the credit of the race that when we think of the Civil War, we skip the bitterness and think instinctively of a speech—of the greatest speech made in all our long American history—of a speech only 272 words long, yet treasured more in the hearts of our people than other speeches that occupy 272 pages, more or less.

The Gettysburg Address! Can there be anyone in America who does not know it? Can there possibly be anyone who has ever gone to an American school who has not "recited" it? But how much do we really know about this speech? How and why was it written? When—where—who? It might be interesting, here at Lincoln's Birthday in 1943, to consider some pertinent facts and a little background.

There were some 2,200 battles in the Civil War, and some 6,800 separate skirmishes and encounters between "Yank" and "Johnny Reb," and the greatest of these was the Battle of Gettysburg. Greatest, because here was the high tide of the Confederacy; you can see the spot where the tide stopped and

A Story of Poignant Charm by **GRACE NIES FLETCHER**

Illustrator CHARLES ZINGARO

THE day Beverly Rand was married, Robertson Memorial Chapel was crowded to its beautiful wrought-iron doors, because Beverly had been popular here since the age of five when she'd put the lollipop for which she had squandered her Sunday School penny into the collection plate, conscience having overtaken her before the first lap. But nobody knew the groom. He was one of those newly-varnished lieutenants Beverly had met at Camp Devens, as were the ushers who were parading up and down the aisles with the guests while the choir girls looked down, enviously.

"Do you think they'll make one of those arches with their sabres for the bride and groom to go out under?" whis-

pered the honey-color tanned choir girl to her seatmate in the front stall.

"Sh!" warned the seatmate clasping her hands tightly in the lap of her purple robe; being plain, she found it advisable to avoid trouble. "Here comes Mrs. Rand. Now they'll begin!"

The bride's mother in a green lace dress and a hat like a tilted leaf on her still slightly golden hair, was the last of the family to be seated, and the honey-color choir girl braced herself for the "Tum tum ti tum!" as stirring as savage drum beats which herald the coming of the bride, but strangely, the music didn't start. Why, she saw with rising excitement. Dr. Adams, the minister, had come out alone from his study where he

The Uninvited WEDDING GUEST



Dr. Adams, the minister, had come alone from his study and was beckoning an usher compellingly from the back of the church, whispering to him

The usher strode off and when he came back he had a rather shabby brown man on his khaki arm

and the groom had been waiting and was beckoning an usher imperiously from the back of the church, whispering to him! Was anything the matter? The usher strode off and when he came back down the center aisle, he had a little shabby brown man on his khaki-colored arm.

Could he be the groom's father that they'd stopped the wedding for him? Then why didn't he have on formal morning clothes like the rest?



Honey-color craned her bright head shamelessly around the end of the choir stall. "He's going in at the groom's side," she reported.

The little man with his smooth brown hair thinning at the top, brown pointed beard, brown suit and shoes (trust a choir girl not to miss anything!) slid into the next to the front pew, sat down and glanced around as if apologizing for all the trouble he was making, but the groom's relatives stared back blankly.

"That's funny!" Honey-color nudged her plain seatmate. "They act like they never laid eyes on him before! Whom do you suppose . . . ah!" She drew the deep ecstatic breath of a child when the circus trumpet blows. "Here comes the bride!"

"Tum tum ti tum."

The little brown man in the next to the front pew stood up with the rest when the organ began and the whisper of excitement and the rustle of new gowns ran like water through the gray stone chapel. From here he could see how lovely the altar and the chancel looked.



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ERALD

banked with June lilies and ferns. But the flowers were no lovelier than the lace-like traceries of the carved stone reredos behind them. On one side of the choir loft rose the slender pipes of the organ, throbbing with silver sound; and below them, on either side, the massed choir was a purple and white flower bed; while high over everything else, the royal purple was repeated in the gorgeous rose window.

"It's perfect," the little brown man thought. "Isn't it, Gay?"

He caught himself, frowned, and looked around hastily. He was always afraid he'd say out loud the things he was thinking and folks would call him queer. But he was safe. Everyone was too busy straining to see the bride, bless her. He wondered what the bride's name was. He'd seen it in the paper but he couldn't for the life of him remember.

The first bridesmaid had arrived at the altar, he saw. She had on the floating gauzy sort of dress you see only at weddings and in picture galleries, and her

hair was a soft, innocent brown like Gay's. She walked like Gay too, lithe and eager as if she was laughing, inside. And suddenly, looking at her, the little brown man stopped seeing the chapel and remembered how Gay had laughed when he told her that first day he met her at the Epworth League picnic that she was prettier than the picture of that girl in the paper who'd won the big New York beauty contest and the trip to Paris, France, absolutely free.

"What do you want? Another piece of chocolate cake?" Gay had asked him. "You mustn't make fun of a poor woiking gal!"

She was a stenographer and he was still a clerk in Dan Bloom's hardware store, but right then and there, he remembered, he'd made up his mind that he was going to own that store some day and give Gay what she wanted, clothes; a big house; even, he'd soared recklessly, a trip to Paris, France, if that was what Gay wanted! He'd done it, too. They'd lived up over the store when they were first

married in order to put every cent they could save back into the business. . . . Dan had taken him in as a junior partner to save commissions . . . but they'd been happy. Gay had planted a window box with a border of mignonette and when you opened the window it smelled so sweet . . .

The little brown man looked about him, confused, for the fragrance near him was familiar, but when he glanced beside him in the pew, Gay wasn't there. Of course not. Someone in the pew behind him was whispering, "Isn't she darling? The lace in her veil belonged to her mother!"

It was the bride whose name he did not know there in the aisle beside him, smelling of mignonette. She was lovely, but so unbelievably young. With her pearls and orange blossoms in her dark bobbed hair and her long gown, she looked like a little girl dressed up in her mother's clothes, playing at being Snow White looking for the prince. Only her eyes were older, smiling ahead at the

altar where the very young lieutenant was waiting with his belt so shiny you could almost smell the polish. She wasn't seeing anyone but him.

"That was the way Gay looked at me!" the little brown man thought eagerly. His heart quickened and his head whirled and he remembered that the doctor had told him he mustn't get excited. But how could you help it when everywhere you looked, you saw Gay?

"Dearly beloved," Dr. Adams, the minister, was beginning.

Dearly beloved. The quaint words carried the little brown man further back into the day when he and Gay were married. But not here; in the shabby little parsonage next door. And John Adams' hair had been black instead of pepper and salt as it was now, but his smile had been the same, warming, steadyng you, the nervous groom. "A man like John hasn't any age," the little brown man thought gratefully. He had hidden foundations like his church; you do grow like what you're fond of.

Liking John Adams was one reason why he and Gay had joined Wesley Church where Adams was minister. After that their living in a small apartment hadn't mattered so much because they had the church to spread out in. They had sat every Sunday morning in a pew nearly as far down front as this, the little brown man remembered, and he had been on the official board and Gay had a Sun-

day School class and if there was a church supper she hadn't baked a pie for, he'd never heard of it. The only fault Gay had found with Wesley was that young people who couldn't afford a big church wedding had to get married in the shabby old parsonage.

"Some day, Sam," she urged (she knew that, give him time, her Sam could do anything. Wasn't he Dan Bloom's partner already?) "we ought to fix up a place for them, homier than the big church but not smelling of parsonage beans! Not that I mind our being married there," hastily, "but a little gray stone chapel would be nice."

It was nice. Looking around, the little brown man didn't see how it could be much nicer. The stone arches went up like a gray prayer clasping hands above the little bride's head. The altar rail where the wedding party stood was satiny smooth and the carpet where soon they would kneel was thick as Maine moss. It would be pleasant to fold away the memory of a wedding day in a place like this, to take out and look at once in a while.

"Every bride who gets married here will belong to us a little, won't she, Sam?" Gay had asked him when they planned the chapel this way, the little brown man remembered. That was why he'd decided to come here today. He'd read in the newspaper that there was going to be a military wedding in Robertson Memorial

Chapel and he ought not to have spent the money to come on the train but he wanted to see what one of Gay's brides would look like. . . . What was Dr. Adams saying?

"Marriage is an honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocence," he was telling the very young lieutenant and his bride.

Honorable estate. The curious old phrase made the little brown man smile, remembering what Gay used to call him, teasing. "Take-My-Word-For-It-Sam." Because when a customer would come into the hardware store and ask whether this brass pipe was worth the extra money over the iron one, he would say earnestly, "Yes, it is. Take my word for it." And the customer did. Gay would laugh when she called him that and then she'd slide her fingers inside his and murmur, "Sammy."

Well, honesty had turned out to be a pretty good policy for him and Dan Bloom, at first anyway, the little brown man thought. They'd made a lot of money, enough for him to build Gay the big house he'd planned. And how she had loved giving parties! They were always having fairs for sick babies on their front lawn with the iron deer on it, or parties for the benefit of lame sailors, or for the prevention of cruelty to something or other; and the ladies had pursued culture all over their front parlor! First it was the Tuesday Reading Club ("Can't you read on Friday?" he'd asked Gay.) and then they'd shifted to a man who played the zither; but finally Gay's sense of humor had come out of its cultural coma.

"I guess I'll go on being a lowbrow like you, Sam, from now on," she'd chuckled. "It's like taking off your girdle; you can breathe easier." The little brown man grinned. Why, that must have been all of twenty-five years ago, before that little bride standing there at the altar was born! But it seemed just yesterday. Thinking back through the years of his and Gay's young laughter, the little brown man felt relaxed, happy almost, for the first time in months; and all at once he knew what it meant in the Bible about a thousand years being but a day.

"I, Beverly, take thee, James, for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health. . ." the little bride was saying.

For better, for worse. The familiar words brought the little brown man back to the gray chapel again and he looked pityingly at the very young bride and groom. How could either of those two youngsters promise that? he wondered. They wouldn't know what it meant till the words came alive. Like they had for him and Gay. Everyone had troubles, of course, but there were certain things you never got over, that left a scar. Still, you weren't really married till you'd been through them together. In sickness and in health. . . .

(Continued on page 50)

CHRISTIAN HERALD



"Look, Gay!" he urged. "Just look at those two kids!"

1. Come, Thou my Light, that I — may see Thy truth di
 2. Come, Thou my Life, that I — may be Made one in
 3. Come, Thou my Guide, that I — may know The way my
 4. Come, Thou my King, and I will make My heart a

vine, Thy love — so — free. Dis - pel the clouds of
 liv ing faith — in — Thee. Re - new my will and
 seek ing soul — should go; And nev er from Thee
 shrine for Thy dear sake; Un - til this earth ly

doubt and sin And let the face of God shine in
 make it Thine, Thou living Source of life di vine.
 let me stray, Thy self the Life, the Truth, the Way.
 life of mine Shall be for ev er whol ly Thine.

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Come Thou My Light

Words by HUGH THOMPSON KERR

Music by GRANT COLFAX TULLAR

Christian Herald Offers a Hymn For 1943

BY A GREAT CHURCHMAN AND A
FAMOUS COMPOSER OF GOSPEL HYMNS

LAST year, the Hymn Society of America offered three prizes for the words of three new hymns, in a nation-wide contest. Late in November, the three prizes were awarded to Dr. Thomas Curtis Clark, Miss Katherine L. Aller and Dr. Hugh Thompson Kerr.

Christian Herald, with the permission of the Hymn Society, asked Grant Colfax Tullar, who is probably this country's outstanding writer of Gospel Hymns, to select the words he liked best and set them to music. He selected Dr. Kerr's words—and here they are, in a new, original *Christian Herald* hymn. Organists have already pronounced it "Great!" It has already been played in innumerable churches, before publication.

Dr. Hugh Thompson Kerr is a former Moderator of the Presbyterian Church

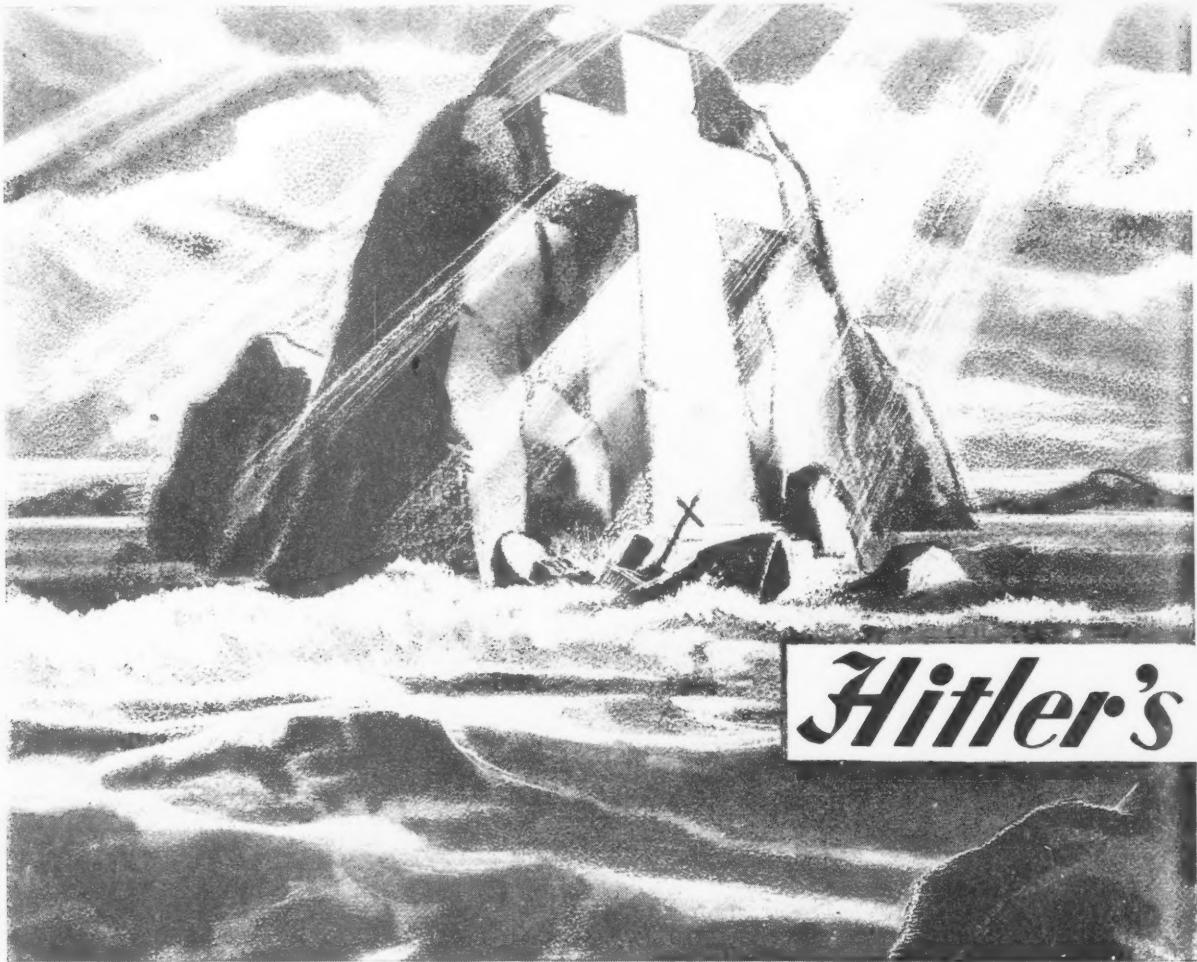
in the U. S. A., and presently pastor of Shadyside Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh. He has written a twenty-four foot shelf of good books, among them some of the finest children's sermons in print. He has seen two sons ordained to the ministry, one of them teaching at Princeton Theological Seminary.

Grant Colfax Tullar has a life-story stranger than fiction. Left motherless at two (in company with eight brothers and sisters) his father (a Civil War Veteran, hence the name "Grant") tried to support the boy by selling books, failed, sent him to live with relatives. The boy's life was a horror from then to early manhood; he ran the gamut of neglect, cruelty, even torture. He ran away from the relatives—and from God; he drank, gambled, committed nearly every sin in the calen-

dar, got converted—and against that fearful background he has given the world some 1500 Gospel Hymns. He was senior member of the famous firm of Tullar-Meredith; he has been preacher, teacher, musical director, chaplain on the Hudson River steamers. In one ten-year period he traveled 500,000 miles in religious work.

We would need another page to list his hymns, which fill several books. But you know one of them—the immortal "Face To Face," which incidentally was written at the supper table of the preacher-uncle of the editor of *Christian Herald*.

We think "Come Thou My Light" will live as long as "Face To Face." It has this in common with all great hymns: it whispers beautifully the world's longing for light in a dark hour.



Hitler's

HITLER FINDS IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH THE ROCK UPON WHICH HIS CAUSE WILL ULTIMATELY DESTROY ITSELF

WHEN Adolf Hitler, as a spy in the pay of the German Reichswehr, decided to embark on a political career, he had a boundless ambition but hardly anything like a plan. Half a dozen years had to pass before his program began to emerge. It was still vague and vacillating in several points but it revealed two very definite policies. First, National Socialism set out to mobilize for its purposes all the political, national and social tensions that existed in Europe. Second, Hitler did not want to antagonize the two great branches of the Christian Church.

In his book *Mein Kampf*, written in the years 1924 and 1925, Hitler clearly stated his conviction that a political leader must keep his hands off the religious doctrines and institutions of his people. Any other attitude, he asserted, would lead to disaster.

Now, in view of the battle that has been raging between Nazism and Christian religion for the last ten years, one might be tempted to say that this paragraph from *Mein Kampf* represents just

another of the promises which Hitler broke or just another of the principles which he betrayed. But things are not quite so simple as that. Hitler was relatively honest in his endeavor to keep peace with the Church, not because of any inherent respect of religion—he had none—but because he respected the power of the church organization. It was vitally important for him to have the Church as an ally, particularly in Germany. As far as we can discover from his utterances, it seems he did not plan to drop this ally at the first appropriate moment; he thought that problem would take care of itself. He foresaw a gradual permeation of Christianity by Nazi ideas, and he had as an ultimate goal the establishment of a "German Church" in which even the few surviving Christian forms would be filled with the heathen spirit.

This plan of Hitler's was shattered. Today, inside and outside Germany, religious leaders are the most irreconcilable foes of Nazism. They are the spokesmen of the otherwise silenced German

opposition, and of the firm supporters of anti-German activities in the occupied countries.

How did this come about? Well, it came about first of all because Hitler, as usual, broke his promises. Second, it came about through the presumption of the Nazis in supervising exclusively every kind of human activity. Third, it happened because it always takes a decent person a long time to discover the true nature of an outstandingly foxy knave.

A number of influential Protestant Church members in Germany believed that National Socialism was a strictly political movement and that collaboration between the Church and the Nazis was not only possible, but that the Church would improve its position through such an alliance. These assumptions were strengthened in a meeting between Hitler and certain prominent Protestant clerics, among them Pastor Martin Niemöller. Hitler assured the delegation that after his coming to power he would restore the Church's rights to



several years before Hitler's advent to power, said in a private circle: "I am first of all a Sudeten-German; second, I am a Roman-Catholic dignitary."

All this does not mean that Hitler did not meet any opposition from religious quarters during his years of struggle. In 1930, the Catholic Bishop of Mainz condemned the anti-Christian teachings of the Nazi party. One year later, the entire German Hierarchy instructed their communities that no Catholic was permitted to profess such Nazi doctrines as were "incompatible with Catholic teachings."

Yet, strict as that ruling sounded, it left much room for interpretation. It was easy for a faithful church follower to quiet his scruples by saying to himself that he agreed with Hitler on some points but took exception on others. It was easy to pretend that voting the straight Nazi election ticket did not make one necessarily a full-fledged Nazi. It was easy to persuade oneself that it was possible to serve both God and Hit-

—not only man's law, but God's law—as well. Hence the persecution of the Church and of religious thought. They went to work systematically and ruthlessly. As in their military campaigns they tried to carry out a pincer-movement. One of the pincers aimed at deftly substituting Nazi doctrines for Christ's teachings. That is where the "positive Christian" came in handy. It was meant only for the gullible. More subtle were the repeated attempts to vest Hitler with divine attributes. Said Dr. Joseph Goebbels in 1936: "Our Führer is the intermediary between his people and the throne of God. Everything he writes is religion." Said the present Commissar for Labor, Fritz Sauckel: "God has revealed himself in Adolf Hitler, who has brought us salvation." In the same year, Church Minister Alfred Kerr proclaimed that in Adolf Hitler a new authority had arisen as to what Christ and Christianity really were.

It is well to observe how the Nazi leaders tried to link together the old and the new faith and how they consistently used the Christian vernacular. They did this in order to screen their sleight-of-hand. The names of God, Germany, and Hitler were interchanged like so many cards in a card-trick. This was being done with such dexterity that the audience, in the end, thought everything was all right when a speaker finished by saying: "He who serves Hitler serves Germany, and he who serves Germany serves God." (This utterance was first made by Youth Leader Baldur von Schirach in 1935.)

The second pincer which the Nazis drove against religion in Germany was intended to establish "positive Nazism." Hitler, in a speech at Godesberg, outlined the scope of his plans by asserting that the unity of the German nation must be guaranteed by a new philosophy of life, since Christianity in its present form no longer came up to the requirements of the standard-bearer of national unity. And Dr. Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front, removed the last doubts about Nazi intentions by stating that the party claimed the totality of the soul of the German people and would not tolerate another party or point of view in the Third Reich. These were unequivocal words. And unequivocal deeds followed.

Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, the sinister prophet of the new creed, became cultural dictator of the nation. Rosenberg proclaimed, among other things, that the racial idea must dominate religion; that the crucifix was a symbol of shame and humiliation and that its representation was to be replaced by the representation of the Spirit of the Fire, of the Heroic in the highest sense; that Christianity was an old philosophy which had been fading for centuries and was now vanishing completely. This man's writings became compulsory reading-matter in all training camps for the youth of

Losing Battle

By

ERNEST S. PISKO

their pre-Republic extent; that in the Third Reich the Church would get abundant financial support from the state and be allowed to regain control over the schools. Impressed by that mirage, Pastor Niemöller and his fellow clergymen promised the Nazi leader full assistance. They were aware, though, of the Nazis' pagan views and of their furious anti-Semitism. They thought, however, that the prize Hitler seemed willing to pay justified a certain indulgence on their part. They talked themselves into believing that either Hitler himself would stop those alarming developments of Nazism after he should have achieved his political aim, or that they themselves would be able to exercise a calming influence. Later events proved all of this a terrible mistake.

However, Hitler's most powerful magnet in drawing an important part of the Protestant Church into his camp was his constantly proclaimed intention to eradicate the Treaty of Versailles and to restore the German Reich to its former glory, and beyond. There were but few Germans—Protestants, Catholics or Jews—who did not fall for that dream. This writer remembers the shocking remark of one of Austria's highest priests who,

ler. Obviously, that was an error. But it was a common error that can be explained only by assuming that millions of Germans—essentially good-natured and decent Germans—held confused and hazy views on either Christianity or Nazism.

Hitler availed himself in a masterly way of this confusion in the German mind. He fostered it by pretending that his main concern was his fight against the Jews and that he strove to have a lukewarm Christianity replaced by a "positive Christianity," a term that could mean anything.

The Germans failed to see that National Socialism was a new faith, a crude, cruel and dynamic faith which could not permit the co-existence of another spiritual authority. The Germans failed to see that the Nazis were forced to fight the Christian religion because Christian ethics were the most deadly condemnation of everything the Nazis stood for. The relation between the two was similar to that between a murderer and the criminal law which, likewise, cannot live side by side peacefully. Either the law is abolished or the murderer is executed. There is no other solution.

The Nazis decided to abolish the law

Germany. They can be found in every school library and in the reading rooms of all the institutions of higher learning.

The Nazis considered it as most important to get a firm hold on the youth. Every German child between 6 and 18 had to join the Hitler Youth Movement. All religious youth organizations were disbanded. For the benefit of young men and women between 18 and 21, educational courses were held in the compulsory labor training camps. 20,000 denominational schools with a roster of over 3,000,000 students were suppressed. By means of controlled elections parents were forced to express themselves in favor of public rather than confessional schools. To make recalcitrant juveniles enter the Nazi organizations, the lads were warned that their failure to comply would bar them from admission to crafts, trades and colleges and later from attaining civil service or other government jobs.

THE kind of education given to the members of Hitler Youth can best be judged by a few lines from the poem "Flames of Liberty," written by a certain "G. Sebecker" and circulated among the Hitler Youth: "We free Germans hate those prisons of souls (the churches) even more than we hate those dogs of priests who pour the poison of the Bible into our hearts. Kill them, the black dogs soiling our souls." In the official "Ideologies for Hitler Youth" we read: "There is no Christian civilization . . . Christ has corrupted the Germans . . . The Ten Commandments are a résumé of the basest instincts of humanity . . . A good race has no need of a savior."

Other steps taken in connection with education was the removal of church members from teaching posts. Even teachers of theology at universities and colleges needed Dr. Rosenberg's approval of their appointment.

BEFORE long, the anti-religious campaign had spread to all spheres of life. In line with Dr. Goebbels' statement that a religious press was superfluous, confessional journals were suspended. The publication of religious books was prohibited either by decree or by censorship or by economic pressure that was brought to bear upon the book-sellers. The performing of religious hours on the radio was forbidden. Public and rental libraries were purged of religious books. Purely Catholic or Protestant libraries were closed. A number of church holidays were banned. Processions and pilgrimages were interfered with. On state holidays the Swastika flag was ordered to be hoisted on churches. Crucifixes in court rooms, class rooms and hospitals were replaced by Hitler's picture. Ecclesiastical and religious symbols affixed to government buildings were removed. Monasteries and convents were requisitioned under the flimsiest of pretexts. Physicians and surgeons known to

be hostile to Christian conceptions were assigned to Christian hospitals, clinics and orphanages. 15,000 qualified Catholic Sisters and nuns were replaced by "Brown Sisters" who frankly despised religion. On instigation of Dr. Goebbels the so-called immorality and currency trials were held with the deliberate purpose of making the Germans mistrust their religious leaders.

Positive Nazism culminated in the creation of the "German Christians," an allegedly Protestant denomination headed by Reich Bishop Ludwig Müller, who once declared: "The time will come when only Nazis will conduct services, when only Nazis will occupy the pews."

Yet the stronger the pressure grew, the stronger and more articulate became the opposition. In 1937, the Pope protested against the persecution of religion in Germany in an unprecedented encyclical letter entitled "With Burning Grief." In the same year, the Lutheran Council issued a forceful proclamation which was read from hundreds of pulpits throughout the Third Reich. It revealed the terror-wave of arrests in clerical circles and denounced the attempt of the Nazi leaders to make Christ alien to the people. The Protestant Army chaplains and the Prussian Lutheran Confessional Synod made their protests. The Army chaplains, particularly, did not mince words. They accused the party of fighting not only the Churches but, more subtly, Christianity.

A STEADILY increasing number of high church dignitaries began to take part in the struggle. In sermons and pastoral letters they censured the encroachments of Nazism upon the rights of the church and upon the Christian religion as a whole. Even though none of these denunciations caused the Nazis to change their tactics or to relax their cruelties, the pastoral statements went a long way toward opening the eyes of the masses. Utterances like those of Bishop Bornewasser, who declared that Nazi teachings degrade man to the position of an animal, or of Bishop Galen, who vigorously exposed the practices of the Gestapo, were for Hitler something like the loss of a major battle.

For they show that he failed in duping all of his people all the time. They show that Hitler's dream of totality did not come true. The handful of fearless Christians who shattered that dream are only expressing what several other millions of Germans feel and think. But Hitler's worst defeat is that he does not dare touch the spokesmen of the spiritual opposition—in any case not now, not as long as the other war goes on. Not only does he need now, more than ever before, the support of every single German, but he is also hampered by his own assertion that he is fighting Russia for the sake of Christianity!

On the other hand, it must not be overlooked that Church opposition inside

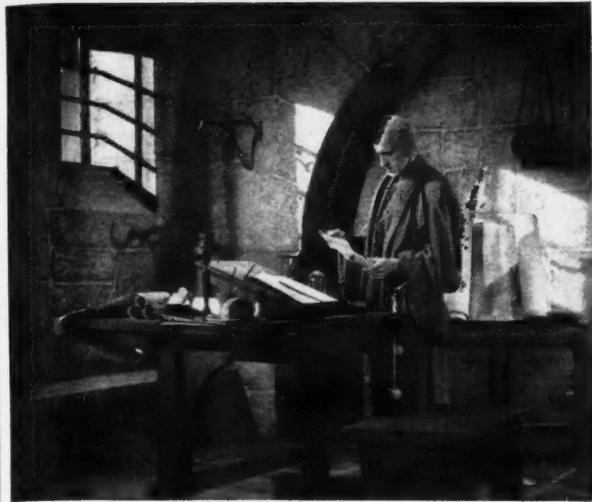
Germany is still directed rather against certain methods and symptoms of Nazism than against the entire movement. Clerical criticism did not touch either Hitler's person or the whole ideology that unleashed this war. There are still some political elements in the attitude of the leaders of the opposition; some of them are searching for a compromise that might allow them to retain the gains procured by the Nazis, but to clip the Nazi power.

In the occupied countries the attitude is, of course, free from all wavering. Religious feeling and patriotism are not conflicting with each other; they are genuine allies. By the same token, the Nazis are at liberty in those regions to wage the battle against religion without the slightest restraint.

THE results are pretty much the same wherever we look, in Germany or in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Belgium, the Netherlands, Yugoslavia or Greece. In all these countries the priests were among the first to be arrested and church property was the first property to be confiscated. The full fury of persecution was turned against the Polish clergy. In January, 1941, 3000 Polish priests were languishing in concentration camps, and 700 had been executed or tortured to death. There is no estimate as to the number of victims since then. Approximately 90 per cent of the priests were driven away from their posts. The same fate befell most of the other religious workers. Monasteries were taken over by the "authorities," and a large portion of the churches was closed, many of them under the pretext that they were "out of repair." Way-side shrines were destroyed, inscriptions in cemeteries defaced, the churches robbed of relics, altars, pictures, stained glass, monstrances from gold or silver, and old documents. In many areas the native population was forbidden access to the church. (A recent decree extended this prohibition to Polish workers in Germany.)

In the other countries under the Nazi heel the percentage of priests murdered or arrested is smaller than in Poland, and so is the extent of the damage done to church property. But persecution is not less strong or cruel.

IN BELGIUM, all Catholic social and trade union activities have been suppressed. Youth meetings are forbidden even in Catholic colleges or Sunday Schools. Masses are being supervised by the German police. Neither are Belgian flags allowed to be displayed in churches nor any Belgian emblems. Cardinal Van Roey has placed himself at the helm of Belgian resistance and keeps reminding the Belgian people of the country's moral mission. The Protestant Synod stands firmly at the side of the Roman Catholics in refusing recognition of the Nazi tyranny. (*Continued on page 55*)



St. Jerome writing his Vulgate translation. He worked in Bethlehem, within a few yards of the spot where Jesus was born



In sixteenth-century England Bibles were so valuable that they were chained to the pillars and pulpits of the churches



Ulfila gives the Scriptures to the Goths. The influence of the Bible made Christians of the barbarians, and saved Europe



Studying the early Biblical manuscripts at the dawn of the Christian Era. Those Christians risked their lives for the Scriptures

FEBRUARY 1943

A Motion Picture of THE BIBLE

THE American Bible Society has put the story of the Bible on celluloid—on sixteen millimeter film—and made it available to the churches of America.

The Society suggests that a free-will offering be taken at each showing. It is hoped that this may amount to at least \$10.00 to cover distribution expense, cost of prints, and to help build up a fund for future pictures. Any amount above \$10.00 will go toward the world-wide distribution of the Scriptures.

The Society rents only the film; projecting and sound equipment, if not owned by the local church, may be borrowed from YMCA or public schools, or rented from dealers.

Produced in cooperation with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, beautifully acted by professionals, and complete with sound track, the film takes 26 to 30 minutes to run. For further particulars, write The American Bible Society at Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. The title of the picture? The Society picked the perfect title when they named it:

THE BOOK FOR THE WORLD OF TOMORROW



A Chinese family reads the Book. China is passing the United States as the greatest Bible-reading nation of the world



SERMON

"MEN TO MATCH THE HOUR"

 THE month of February turns the minds of Americans toward our two greatest countrymen. In this bleak month were born "two men whom we think of neither as soldiers nor as statesmen, but as men of such sublime character as to have taken their places among the highest of mankind of all times and races, and to have become enshrined in the hearts and hopes of all humanity." Such is James Truslow Adams' description of Washington and Lincoln.

If ever there was a time when we need the heartening influence of heroic personalities, that time is now. We cannot sustain democracy in her struggle with the dictators unless we have faith both in God and man.

Let us, therefore, take the measure of great manhood as given us by the prophet Isaiah. When Isaiah dreamed of the Messiah who was to deliver his people, he realized that the divine deliverer must have around him men to match. And he gives his description of these personalities. Here it is: "And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Such is the poetic picture which the prophet Isaiah in his 32nd Chapter gives of the men worthy to be God's standbys.

First, "a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the

By

Ralph W. Sockman



tempest." To get the force of that figure, one should be exposed to the dry, devastating winds which blow across the desert, biting the skin with gritty sand, searing the eyes and lips, wearying the body with its relentless pressure. When a traveler has been driven and buffeted for hours by such a wind, what a relief to come under the sheltering lee of a great rock, where he can straighten up, rearrange his disheveled garments and reorient himself. Such, says the prophet, is the service which a great man renders to driven humanity. He is a "hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest."

Think of the people who are being driven today. You can spot them by the lines in their faces, the restlessness of their manner, the uneasy look in their eyes. Think of those who are being driven by the very speed of their living and activity. About three years ago I read a sermon which began thus: "Last year, (i.e. 1938) the American people consumed four million pounds of aspirin. That gives us an idea of the size of our national headache. Doctors tell us that a

headache is only a symptom; the real cause of the disturbance lies deeper. What is the great American disease, of which our headache is merely a symptom? It is rush and hurry." Now that minister's diagnosis of our national disease hardly goes deep enough, for our rush and hurry are themselves but feverish symptoms of something deeper; but the preacher did put his finger on one of our serious ailments.

We are too hurried to stop and take our bearings, with the result that we often have more drive than direction. We take our directions from the rear-lights of our fellow-speeders rather than from the guide-posts of God. We are too hurried to enjoy the solid satisfactions of day-to-day living. We dash ahead for the delights we think will be ours when we have arrived, and in our ambition or greed we neglect the joys of family and friends along the way. In our rush we lose the sureness of touch which makes for effective action and artistic living. When Da Vinci was painting "The Last Supper" the monks who watched him grew restive as they observed the artist stand sometimes for an hour gazing at his canvas without making a touch with his brush. But Da Vinci's explanation was: "When I pause the longest, I make the most telling strokes with my brush." Yes, and this driving rush of life makes us lose not only the artistic touch but also the poise of power. Recently there

passed away one of my friends who was once described as the greatest insurance man in America. Yet the trait which most impressed me in his personality was his quiet deliberation. When he made a statement or answered a question in casual conversation you always felt that he had thought twice before he spoke. And when a person thinks twice before he speaks, he does not have to repeat himself so often; nor does he have to take back so often what he says. I can well understand how that man's un hurried poise gave confidence to his colleagues.

Oh, I know this is a time of emergency, when the call is for speed of production. But just because we need to make every moment count, it is all the more imperative to keep our sense of direction, our sureness of touch, our poise of spirit. We must take time to be holy in order to be whole. Hence we need men who are "a hiding place from the wind" to steady us who are being driven by feverish and futile busyness.

Think, too, of those who are driven by the force of social convention and comparisons, the winds of custom and fashion. Most of us are pretty much enslaved by the desire to go along with our crowd. We desire our dress to be distinctive enough to be noticed, but not out of fashion. We want to be thought original, but not queer. Hence we follow the fashion in thought and practice.

How it restores our independence to come across a person who has the courage to be himself, to say what he thinks no matter what the crowd says. His independence helps us to take courage. He is to us "a hiding place from the wind" of popular pressure. In the American Revolution John Adams estimated that only one-third of the colonists were for independence, one-third were loyal to Britain and one-third were neutral. Fifth column activities were so common that every man was cynically assumed to have his price. But amid the swirling passions and the tempting offers to induce treason, when at times it seemed that all the so-called "best people" were deserting the ill-equipped and straggling patriots, the towering personalities of Franklin and Washington stood as hiding places from the wind. Under the lee of their unshakable loyalty, lesser men took new courage and remained "true to the ragged colors of a perilous cause."

Of Washington, James Truslow Adams in his "Epic of America" says: "He always had an army, pitifully small as it was at times, which held the flag flying in the field through love of him and confidence in the character which they sensed in his dignified presence. Without him the cause would have been irretrievably lost. . . . When the days were blackest, men clung to his unfaltering courage as to the last firm ground in a rising flood. When later the forces of disunion in the new country seemed to threaten

disruption, men again rallied to him as the sole bond of union."

The stalwart figures of Washington and Lincoln help us in our day to brace ourselves against the wind of popular clamor. They are a covert from the tempests of hysteria and fear and anger which at times sweep over our social landscape. So many of us are not masters of ourselves in a crowd. We take no firm stand on our own convictions. Then we come alongside a person who restores our faith in righteousness, who gives us a fresh grip on ourselves, whose stalwartness of character stimulates us to be steadfast in faith, knowing that our labor is not vain in the Lord.

We need men who have the courage to stand, and having done all to stand, despite the pressure of popular desire,—men who keep their ears attuned not to the Gallup polls of public opinion, but to the Voice of the Eternal speaking within their own consciences,—men who as Woodrow Wilson said, would rather fail in a cause they know some day will win than to win in a cause they know some day will fail. Such men are "hiding places from the wind" of popular fashion and public passion.

Let us go on with the prophet's poetic description of great manhood. A man shall be "*as rivers of water in a dry place.*" Here again it is difficult for us to get the force of the prophet's figure. If one is to appreciate the value of rivers and springs as referred to in the Bible, he must know the desert. What an oasis with its sparkling water and its green verdure is to a traveler, parched and worn, trudging across the sands of the desert; what a cooling draught is to a throat seared with thirst; what a fertilizing stream is to a dreary waste land—that, says Isaiah, is what a great man is to the people around him.

That in superlative degree is what the Man of Nazareth was to those who opened their lives to him. Recall that day when Jesus sat by the well of Samaria and a sullen woman came to draw water. She had been living on the superficial, sensual level until the streams of satisfaction had dried up. Then our Lord began to talk to her about a well of living water, deep down within her soul. Whereupon the springs of her nature began to well up with a happiness until she drank again the dreams of her youth and felt the thrill of the woman she might have been, ah yes, the thrill of the woman she still could be.

As a river of water in a dry place—that is what Jesus was. Yes, and to a lesser degree that is what every great character is in any setting. He refreshes the roots of hope and virtue. He slakes the thirst for nobility and goodness—for we all hunger and thirst after righteousness, down deep in our hearts, however sordid our living has become. We think of Robert E. Lee riding through the lines of weeping men after his surrender at

Appomattox, his heart heavy but his gallant figure erect. He was offered a home in England where he could have lived in comfort far from the saddening scenes of his defeated cause. He was tendered also a high-salaried and rather honorary position as president of a life insurance company, but he refused because, as he said, "I can receive no money that I have not earned." Then he became head of a small college at \$1,500 a year, where he gave himself to instilling those qualities which would enable the rising generation to restore the unity of our broken land. Who can measure the creative and reviving effect of character like that?

But of all the personalities which our country has produced, the one who opens the deepest springs in our nature was Abraham Lincoln. His was the "greatest soul that democracy has yet evolved." As a young lawyer in Springfield he could sit behind the stove and see how slavery touched the farthest reaches of our whole republic. Then as president he could sit in his White House office and see how the war touched each and every boy back home. He had a long vision which gave him perspective; he had a close-up view which gave him sympathy. This bifocal lens of outlook is badly needed now.

When delegations came to Washington deluging him with advice as to what the will of God was for the country, Lincoln listened and kept his patience. But Stephen Benét, in "John Brown's Body" interprets the tired President's soliloquy thus:

O will of God

I am a patient man, and I can wait
Like an old gun flint buried in the ground
While the slow years pile up like smoldering
leaves
Above me, underneath the rake of Time.

That is my only virtue as I see it.
Ability to wait and hold my own
And keep my own resolves once they are
made
In spite of what the smarter people say,
I can't be smart the way that they are smart,
I've known that since I was an ugly child,
It teaches you—to be an ugly child.
It teaches you—to lose a thing you love.

Lincoln had touched the deepest springs of his own nature. Thus he was able to reach the deepest springs of others' emotions.

In the days when critics were persecuting him, James Russell Lowell had the perspicacity to see that Lincoln "is so truly our representative man that when he speaks, it seems as if the people were listening to their own thinking aloud." So elementally great was he that he is enduringly great. Cruel political enemies smote the rock of his personality, and, as in the wilderness of old, springs of refreshing water gushed forth. When a friend said to him, "Why do you not destroy your enemies?", he replied, "Am I

(Continued on page 56)



Endeavorers and soldier guests sing together at a picnic spot

THE WAR *And Your Young People's Society*

By
Bert H. Davis

IKNOW a young people's society out on the Pacific Coast that had four presidents in 1942. They were all boys and one by one those boys went into uniform. The girls took over. Girls ran the devotional meetings, handled the business of the society, and did everything else around the church from ushering at the regular services to putting up tables for the suppers.

Then, suddenly, a flood of transient youth struck the town and swarmed into the church and the young people's society. It was one terrific struggle, trying to keep their organization functioning, but they did it. The newcomers came to understand and admire the Christian Endeavor group that just wouldn't be licked. Today there are more young people than ever in their meetings. Church attendance is up. The church income is up. Christian decisions are being made. A crisis has been met—and conquered.

It has happened elsewhere; you will



"Hot dawgs" for Christian Endeavor youth and service men

find churches and young people's groups all over the nation that have struggled against this sort of thing and won. The unexpected obstacles of war, draft, gas rationing and blackouts have not broken the youthful loyalty and originality upon which these societies rest. As a matter of fact, Christian Endeavor (I speak of C. E. because I happen to know it so well) is more than ever a movement of developing Christian manhood. The society that meets in the church may not be able to muster as many boys—and girls—as in former, more peaceful years, but that slack is being taken up in work with transient youth-populations and with work among the men in the military camps. In more than one Army C. E. unit, you will find four to five hundred men crowded into the service in the chapel. The ranks depleted at home are being swelled away from home!

For instance, a young officer leaving his home in Omaha told his pastor that he'd try to keep up his attendance at Christian worship, wherever his job in the Army took him. In the Omaha church he had been a member of the choir, an officer in the Sunday School, the vice-president of C. E. He was sent to Oklahoma, and one of his first assignments

was that of setting up barracks for recruits, and of providing other "necessary" comforts for the newcomers. The young man reasoned that there should be something more than a barracks for those recruits; he'd have to do something more than just give them a place to sleep, eat and work. So he drove into town and called on the leading preacher.

"This community," he put it bluntly, "will soon be overrun with soldiers. I'm hoping a church like yours can open its doors in fellowship to these men. That will mean a lot to them and to their families back home. Will your young people help me with this?"

The young people did help—mightily. Within a week the young officer and the local C. E. were working together like a veteran team. He showed them how they could attract the soldier—and keep him coming. They planned well. So well that

when the recruits came swarming in, they were all ready for them. This was done in Oklahoma—and it can be done anywhere. It is one challenge your young people's group must meet.

I am a little proud of the war-time spirit of Christian Endeavor and other young people's groups as I see it displayed in the 1943 C. E. roadside posters. This year the poster design is wholly new; it pictures a soldier, a sailor, an Army nurse and a boy and girl in civilian clothes (those in "civies" represent C. E.), against a background of the cross, a church spire and a C. E. monogram. And there are the glorious words, "For victorious living . . . Wherever we are, we go to church!" That fits these times, exactly; it also outlines the responsibility the young people have in every church in the United States. Wherever they find a soldier, sailor, nurse or transient worker, they are obligated to go all-out in the effort to get them into church. Your society, if it is on its toes, is concentrating on that.

We must keep the church door open, whatever happens; if we do not do that, it matters not very much what else we do. In an effort to do this, C. E. leaders

(Continued on page 57)

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A tall, grave man crossed the floor, and took from his basket beautifully carved figures of deer, bear, wolf, eagle and hawk

By AGNES BARDEN DUSTEN
[PART TWO]

THE Lewis cabin was about a mile from the Hartwell homestead by the cross-cut through the cow pasture and woodlot. The sun was warm, the crows holding a caucus in the pines, and high in a leafless maple, a golden-winged woodpecker was sending out his lusty call as the two climbed the long pasture slope. On its crest Uncle Nathan sat down on a great rock, to rest a bit and look off over the countryside he loved.

Nancy leaned against the sun-warmed rock, surprised to see how the gentle slopes of the mountainside before them had changed since she and Elva had last picnicked beneath the towering pine. Then it had been all woodland. Now there were a dozen or more little farms to be seen.

To the right, in the valley, the village of Meadville showed its church spires and the square bell-tower of the high school above the tree tops. The little red school-house, where she had many times gone with Elva, was between the Hartwell homestead and the two-story white house, with its double piazzas, which was Jerry's home.

"That little shingled bungalow near the school-house is where Ann Crosby, the spinster school teacher lives," Uncle Nathan pointed out. "She got worn out and sickened with the routine in a New York public school. 'Here I can really live,' she told me the other day, 'for there's so much I can do.'"

"I hope I get to know her," Nancy said wistfully. "Tell

FEBRUARY 1943



Nancy Hartwell, sixteen-year-old New England girl, has been left an orphan, with her two younger sisters, Lynnie and four-year-old Penny. Nancy, with her old Uncle Nathan, resolves to stay on at the latter's farm, and try to make a living without giving up the home they have loved. They have just enough left, after selling the Hartwell's household goods, to pay the taxes on Deerwander Farm—which greatly offends Joel Mead, the tyrannical rich man of the neighborhood, who wants the whole of Deerwander Mountain for himself. But Jerry Mead, his son, is a fine boy, and he and Nancy become good friends. Now go on with the story:



me about the Windover Game Park, Uncle Nathan. Was that white house—Jerry's home—inside its gates? There's no



Mother said she'd give anything in reason for that little walnut secretary of yours in the sitting room

park fence now, is there?"

"Guess there's not much left standing," Uncle Nathan replied, still whittling away. "Jerry's grandfather, old Thomas Mead—he made millions in railroading—bought up about the whole of Deerwander Mountain—way beyond, too, on the other side, some thousands of acres—and put a twelve-strand wire fence around it. Jerry's home was the game keeper's house. When I was a boy there wasn't much left of the Park. The Mead fortune had dwindled through unwise stock speculation, the Park had been neglected, the animals shot or sold. When Jerry's father inherited the land—and not much else, they say—he started the pioneer colony scheme, and did well with it, too, until he met with that fatal truck accident. This Joel Mead was a distant cousin who married Jerry's mother. He's a man of a different stripe, altogether. He doesn't belong on Deerwander."

"But I felt at home here, close to the old earth. Just as Ann Crosby and Jonathan Crag and others have found them, right here on a rock mountainside."

"Jonathan Crag?" repeated Nancy. "Isn't he the famous Indian wood-carver?"

"Quite a noted character, Carver Crag is," Uncle Nathan agreed. "A full-blooded Sioux. After he was graduated from

Dartmouth, he came here, bought about a dozen acres from Jerry's father on Windover Pond, fenced in the land and built a cabin. It's a sight to see the water-fowl and the animal and bird pets he's got there. He uses them as models for his carvings. Yes, he's a fine man, Jon is; a good man. No great talker, but when there's sickness or trouble on Deerwander you'll generally find Jonathan Crag around. He's helped more than one of the pioneer families to get a start."

"Do you think this modern pioneer idea a good one?" asked Nancy as they descended the pasture slope.

"Twas meant all right by Jerry's father. But Joel Mead hasn't the right spirit."

"These pioneers are our neighbors. What kind of people are they, Uncle Nathan?"

"Plucky folks. Some of them had fine positions and good businesses; and lost all they had in bank failures and stocks and one way and another. There's a score or so of families trying to make a living off a few acres of stump land. Well, the Lord be good to 'em, for it's a cinch Joel Mead won't. This is the Lewis cabin just ahead."

Mrs. Lewis, a wiry little woman, tanned copper-color by outdoor work, met them at the well and led them at once to the poultry yard, which was fenced in by pine slabs set



Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

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"If we can only raise the money," Nancy said eagerly. "But I'm sorry you have to sell them."

Looking at the young girl's earnest face, the woman's worried tone softened. "They'd mean a lot to you, too, I can see," she said. "I'll keep them for you until tomorrow night, but not longer, for I must have the money."

"It does seem too good a chance to lose," Uncle Nathan declared, as they hurried homeward. "A flock fattened on the mast in the woods mostly would make a sight of difference."

"We've just got to have them, somehow," Nancy declared. How that was to be accomplished filled their thoughts until they reached the old brown house to find distracted Lynnie pasting wet brown paper over a big bump on Penny's forehead received when she fell downstairs.

No one ate much of the scorched porridge which Lynnie had prepared except Penny, whose latest adventure did not at all interfere with her usual hearty appetite, and Uncle Nathan who, after a glance at Lynnie's stricken face, devoured his portion manfully. Then he went to the garret and brought down the crib, with its home-made feather mattress, which Elva had used as a child, and set it up beside the double bed in the warm chamber over the kitchen.

close together on end.

"Aren't they beauties?" Nancy cried, as they entered the enclosure. Four hen turkeys, their feathers copper-bronze in the late afternoon sunshine, were yopping and pecking about, while the magnificent gobbler, his wattles as red as a poppy, strutted belligerently toward them.

Mrs. Lewis reached for a long stick that stood beside the gate, slipped the crook at its end over the gobbler's neck and kept him away. "He's a grand bird but ugly as Satan, Zeke is," she admitted. "He flopped me with those stout wings of his many a time until I got used to him. He'll make a wonderful guardian of his flock when it ranges," with a sigh that told more than words. "If Joel Mead would only have put the payment on the land off till fall, I wouldn't sell them for twice twenty dollars: but it's pay on time with him or get out. Well, do you want the turkeys?"

"If we can only

"raise the money," Nancy said eagerly. "But I'm sorry you have to sell them."

There was another visitor to that homely chamber after the supper dishes were washed. Nancy came to unpack needed things and to lay away the children's clothes in the pine bureau. Resting in the rocking-chair beside the west window that looked out over the old orchard, she reached for her well-loved flute and began to play softly. The flute seemed almost the only link with the carefree home she had known, and spoke to her of the father she so keenly missed. The worn silver flute was a talisman to her now that he was gone. Could she bear to part with it, even for the children's sake? She sat in contemplation, while the afterglow of sunset lighted pleasantly the low gable window.

Sleep that night refused to come to Nancy. Over-tired with the day's work, all her senses seemed sharpened to an acute awareness. The thin peep-peep of the frogs in the marsh below the sugar orchard, crying the awakening of the year, thrilled her as a symbol of the new, strange life she was henceforth to live; but there was not, as usual, any lulling to slumber in the elusive sounds that always so intrigued her fancy.

As if drifting in on a moonbeam, a flying squirrel crossed the sill of the open window, noiselessly investigated the articles on the table and bureau top, and, satisfied that there was nothing edible, as silently scurried away into the night.

Nancy rose quietly, careful not to awaken the sleepers, lighted the kerosene lamp, and wrapping herself in a blanket against the chill April air, lifted the cover of her trunk and took from it the blank-book with its red leather covers which her father had given her. "Don't leave off your scribbling, Nancy," he had said as he handed her the book. "Your versifying will never set the world afire, but keep your fancies as records of your growing up. Writing out your thoughts is good practice for clearer thinking. And I like your little poems—they are a part of my Nancy."

Tucked into the cushioned rocker beside the window, the book on her knee, Nancy's dark head was bent low over her writing, and there was many a smudge—all made by the frequent erasures, on the white page. At length, cramped and cold, she whispered into the moonlight:

"This is for you, Daddy. It's to tell you that we are glad to be in the old home you loved; and that we will love it, too."

Quiet Nancy returned the book to her trunk, blew out the lamp, gently drew the bright patchwork quilt up over Penny's chubby shoulders; and crept in beside Lynnie, to sleep at last.

It was not until after breakfast the next morning that Nancy could make up her mind to the sacrifice that had urged itself upon her as the only way to secure the coveted turkeys. They would be such an important factor in providing for the family living.

Uncle Nathan, too, unbeknownst to Nancy, had looked vainly about for a ram in the thicket, and that morning was ready with his offering on the altar of home. When Naney, carrying her beloved flute, had cautiously let herself out of the front door and was on her way to Meadville, she met Uncle Nathan, leading Samp by a cord, emerging from the pines below the house.

"Uncle Nathan, you look as if you had been stealing sheep!" Nancy exclaimed. She eyed man and dog suspiciously. "What is Samp tied up for? You never hitched him before. I know what you were going to do. Oh, how could you!"

In a moment she was on her knees beside the lop-eared old dog, had untied the cord from his collar and flung it far into the brush. "But you couldn't! You know you couldn't!" between laughter and tears.

"There, now, don't take on, Nancy," said the old man, relief lightening his face of a heavy shadow. "I shouldn't mind so much if Ben Bryce, the storekeeper, had Samp. He appreciates a good coon-hunter, and would have treated him right, but if you say—"

"Well, I do say! The idea!" cried Nancy. "You might as well think of selling me! We don't need money that much, thank goodness! But it was—was like you."

Nancy had dropped the worn leather case containing her flute, and Uncle Nathan picked it up. (*Continued on page 44*)



By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

YEARS ago we had a dog—a lively, pugnacious terrier—who was adored by our children. Like many an other family dog adored by children, he had a bad habit or two. One of them was an overpowering impulse to rush out when an automobile came along, barking at the top of his voice and racing along beside it as if it were a marauding tramp he was driving away from our house. We knew this was dangerous but there was no breaking him of it. We tried everything. In vain. A terrier is not docile. One day my small son, then aged six, had taken Kiki along with him to visit a neighbor who lived a mile down the road. Presently the telephone rang. I took down the receiver, and heard a child's anguished voice crying out "Oh Mother! Mother! A car has killed Kiki, Come quick!"

No, I did not say "Well, what can *I* do about it?" I did just what any parent would have done—I went quick. As quick as a foot jammed down on the accelerator could take me. And as a matter of fact—in case you'd like to know how that particular episode of family life ended—I found the tough little body, all bone, muscle, sinew and courage, not killed, only stunned. Kiki died years later of old age.

But that does not alter the color of that small tale as a dramatic illustration of the way children, when they are little and inexperienced and ignorant of reality, think of their parents. If Mother would only come quickly enough the dog would be no longer dead. All parents have been pierced to the heart by such a cry for help from a young child, for the help that couldn't fail to come because the person called on was a father or a mother. We feel pride—of course, who would not—that our children trust us so utterly. But also, knowing so much more about the dense, savagely resistant fiber of reality than they, we feel alarm that is sometimes terror lest we may not be able to give the help expected; and finally, in one corner of our hearts, very human although parental, we feel a natural exasperation at being summoned to perform what may well turn out to be the impossible. Above all, as the children get older and begin to accumulate experience of reality of their own, we feel great concern if they continue this little-child attitude of faith in our omnipotence. It's all very well for a six-year-old boy in the first thunder-clap of shock, to call upon his Mother to come quick in order to raise the dead. But a young man of twenty-four who has yielded to temptation and falsified the accounts of the business-firm which employs him—for him to appeal confidently to his parents, not only to pay back what he has stolen but to make his theft as though it had not been—no, there's nothing at all pretty in such faith in his parents' omnipotence. That is retarded development, and as painful as if he had never learned to walk without leaning on somebody's arm.

Now of course all we who are parents of children are also—such is the biological law of nature—children of parents. We had fathers and mothers of our own. One of the deepest, most touching and heart-searching aspects of growing up is to look back into our past, and see—with the experienced eye of maturity—our parents who then seemed all-powerful protection against any danger, as troubled, uncertain young people, terribly alarmed themselves about the dangers to their little sons and daughters, utterly unsure that they can ward them off, tackling a difficult situation with their hearts in their mouths, desperately doing the very best they can but cold with fear lest this time they prove not strong enough to protect the



MODEL FOR Americanism



young life put into their charge. We laugh—and swallow down a lump, and wipe our eyes—as we look back at them, and at ourselves at five and six and seven; they pale-faced, distraught, hurrying frantically, at the beginning of a hurricane, to nail up the doors and get boards fastened across windows, shuddering to feel the very house shaking in the giant grip of the wind; we happy, curious, interested in the hubbub, stimulated to liveliness by the sense of something happening, playing tag perhaps in the room which the next hour may see torn into matchwood, perfectly sure that everything will be all right, now that Mommie and Dad are seeing to it.

Nothing is more steadying to our own resolution in difficult moments than thus to look back at our folks and see that their hearts were quaking and fainting like ours; that it was not at all because of calm Olympian certainty of being able to control any situation that they kept us safe during those childish years of defenceless weakness, but out of sheer, clenched-teeth resolution to do their best though the heavens fell. Just at the time when the new difficulties, responsibilities and perils which always come with mature years make us need a new stimulus to effort, it jolts us into putting out the full strength of our maturity when we come to understand that our fathers, too, were shakily human, like ourselves, and yet pulled us through to safety.

Now our folk-name for George Washington, universally accepted by all Americans, is "The Father of Our Country." We call him that, we think of him with grateful appreciation as children think of good fathers. But that Federation—in George Washington's time so young and weak and defenseless, to protect which he gave all the honorable power of his maturity—that nation of equal States, bound together by a contract which no one in the Old World thought would outlast a single storm, let alone the hurricanes of a century and a half, these United States of America, now the richest and more powerful nation on the globe—*now we are grown up*. And in our maturity we are, in our turn, facing a terrific crisis, a danger of the utmost complexity, a problem that will tax all our powers to solve—first to win the war, and after that to help our fellow-men all around the world so to organize human life, that no child or grandchild, or great grandchild of ours to the last generation of man, may ever again face a global war in which all of humanity is involved. For another time would be the last time. The lore of the past cannot help us now. This is a new hurricane which shakes the house of our cherished nation in its giant grip. We cannot now feel any cheerful confidence that "Father will fix it." Father is no longer here, and the indomitable, almost savage fury of self-contained determination with which he took our old home safely through the long storm—that must now burn in our hearts if we are to prove ourselves worthy of what Father George did for our country in its youth.

We can do nothing better as part of our preparation to rise to this enormous new peril which is also an enormous new opportunity, than to look back at George Washington through the eyes of our experienced maturity, and see him not as all-powerful Father, riding through the sunshine in his handsome blue-and-buff uniform, on his well-groomed white horse while adoring little girls hold up bouquets of flowers to him; not so, his face calm in a majestic composure. No, with his face ashen with fatigue, or darkly crimsoned in rage over cowardice and mean commercial grasping, or contorted in the paroxysm of straining effort, or—saddest of all—haggard, despairing, those steady blue eyes ringed blackly with sleepless nights, in moments when he was sure he was beaten—but never gave up. We, too, have before us long, long strains of constant effort which will weary us to the bone, we, too, will encounter cowardice and mean commercial graspingness in the fight to do our share of creating that global peace which is the only alternative to the total destruction of all that is best in human life. We, too, will know hours when we rise up, despairing, after sleepless nights filled with the certainty that we are beaten. Looking back at the father of our country, we too must never give up—because we cannot give up, the cause is too precious, too sacred. Like him, we must resolve to give our whole hearts to it in self-forgetting devotion.

We cannot better do honor to the birthday of the best father a nation ever had, than by a serious thoughtful reading and pondering of one of the modern histories of his times, one of the new vivid biographies which tell the story of his life. Read Howard Fast's "The Unvanquished." In it we see Washington in his early maturity, accepting, in spite of shuddering doubts of his own ability, the responsibility of being Commander-in-Chief of the "armed mob," the "rabble in arms"—of the American rebels. We see, *through Washington's eyes* (this is the unique quality of this novel, the only one, is it not, which tells the story from Washington's own point of view,) what happened in the Long Island fighting, and on from one sickening disaster to another up to the Christmas battle of Trenton. And we see the father of our country holding fast, pitting his will, his devotion against the hurricane—and saving our family home for us. The spectacle will nerve us as nothing else could, ourselves to hold fast against the selfishness, the ignorance, the provincial focussing on our immediate national or commercial interests which endanger the attempt to organize a world peace in which other nations shall have as fair a deal from the whole, as each State has had in our American Federation. Why not, in these days when we are all staying at home in the evening more than usual, join with your neighbors to read aloud these books? You could finish at least one of them before the end

of the month in which George Washington was born. We need not expect to find in these or in any books, an exact blue-print of what to do. We ourselves must make the plan for that great world Federation for which it is an honor to fight and sacrifice. Nothing can tell us just how to do it, because (exactly like our American Constitutional Convention) we will be trying to do something never done before.

But to realize that Washington did not know how it was going to come out, that he was not sure that the hurricane would not make a mock of all his effort, and yet pressed on—



Praying Hands

By Grace Noll Crowell

Oh, I have seen them lifted: praying hands,
So poignant in their attitude of prayer
That I could glimpse beyond those hands, a heart
In desperate need of God, a heart aware
That he alone can meet our every need. . . .
The pictured "Praying Hands" say much, indeed!

Across the world tonight a million hands,
Unnoted save by God alone, lift high
In agony of pleading: women, men,
Striving to reach God somewhere in the sky,
And all the while, closer than breathing, he
Stands waiting to give his love and sympathy.

O lifted hands, expressive of so much!
O hearts that break beneath too great a load!
One stands beside you, nearer than hands and feet,
To help you on this dark and troubled road.
No hands, no heart, will ever lift in vain,
Strength will be yours, and peace will come again.



that will fortify our hearts against the chorus of doubters and grabbers and cowards and fainting weaklings. That will help us arouse ourselves to feel something of the controlled fury of determination which carried Washington on through disheartenment and betrayal and despair till he stood, a living standard to which the wise and honest could repair, leaving the event in the hands of God.

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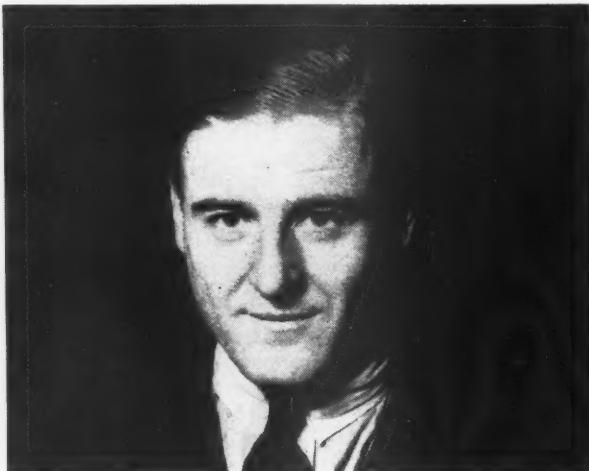
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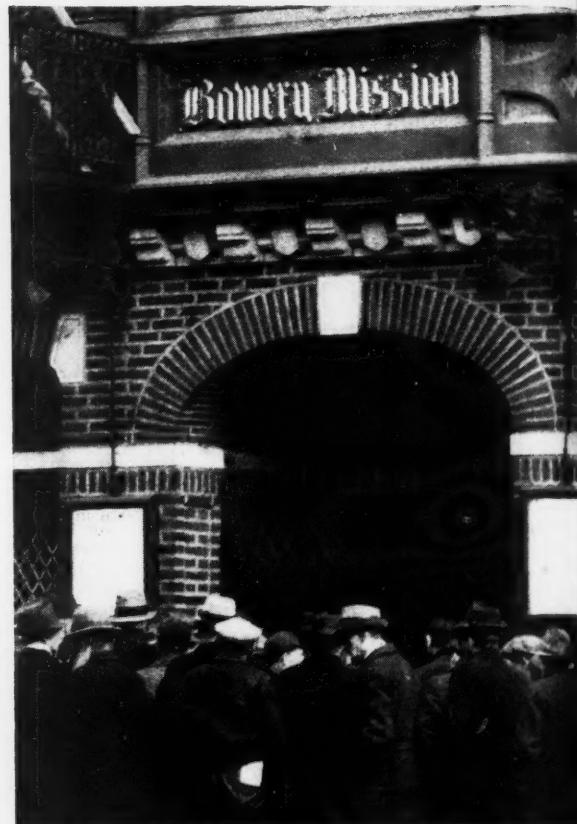
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune have found him and hurt him; he is a little bewildered and a little beaten, but not hopeless—yet. He is losing courage; he is down, but not out! Bowery Mission specializes in lifting men like this.



These eyes once looked out over rich, rolling peaceful acres—his own farm. He had a stake in America then. But a fire took his barns, death took his wife brutally, his children married. He sits for hours, seeing the flames, the babies. He will get medical, spiritual aid.



He was a proud, brave young stripling when he slipped away from home; he came to the big town equipped with a thousand ambitions and dreams. One by one they were run down and crushed in Gotham's streets. We got in touch with his folks; here, he's on his way home.



CASUALS

Through these portals pass the unluckiest men in the world; like the casuals of war, they have been wounded in life's battle. Here, thanks to your help, they find what they so desperately need: rejuvenation of body, soul and spirit.



We saw more like him in pre-war days, and we still see him, along the Street. He is a stranded sailor, waiting for a ship. A stranger in a strange land, friendless, broke, cold. When he gets home and thinks of America, he will think of Bowery Mission. . . .



He had his own small factory; one day the walls fell in and he was buried under a flood of lawsuits, criticism, and a competitor's whispering campaign. Weak, he tried to forget it in drink. It wasn't all bad luck. The Mission is helping him to a second start....



He's the kind that trembles when an auto backfires. He's badly scared—of insecurity, of last night and the cold night ahead, of starvation. He'll straighten up when the Mission makes him feel again the love and lift of the Everlasting Arms.



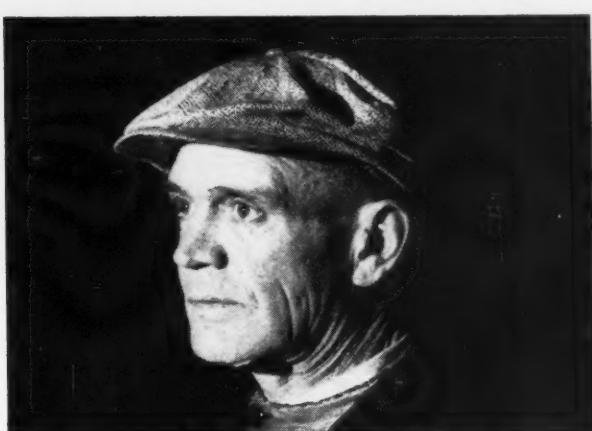
He stood before a judge and said "Not Guilty!" when they asked him how he'd plead. But he served a term—on circumstantial evidence. Now he is a combination of resentment, vengefulness and fear. All he needs is someone to walk the second mile with him, understandingly.



From eighteen to eighty, these beloved casuals come in, on the hunt for strength, encouragement, clean clothes, a night's sleep. We rest them, encourage them, bandage them spiritually to go out to the fight again—and most of them win. Without your continued help—they lose!



His life has been a case of one defeat after another; some of it is his fault, some is fate's. He's hurt, but still fighting! Look at that face! Every line of it shouts, "I am still captain of my soul, and master of my fate."





FEBRUARY, 1943

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. ARCHER WALLACE

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1

THE SUPERNATURAL

"I HAVE GIVEN YOU AN EXAMPLE."
READ JOHN 13:1-17.

A MINISTER preached a sermon on humility, using the story of Jesus washing the disciples' feet. A member of his congregation voiced, no doubt what many others felt, that in these days humility was at a discount. "It just isn't natural," the man said. To this the minister replied, "You are quite right. It isn't natural but the grace of God is given to us that we may do the supernatural. That is the chief difference between Christianity and other religions; Jesus gave us more than an example. He supplies power enabling us to follow his example." A lame man needs more than a guidepost showing him the direction in which to go. He needs power in his limbs.

Lord, without Thee we can do nothing. All our best thoughts and holiest feelings come from Thee. Thou alone canst cleanse us from evil and renew right spirits within us. For that blessed grace we humbly pray. Amen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2

GROWTH AND ENLARGEMENT

"GROW IN GRACE."

READ II PETER 3:11-18.

WE ARE to grow in grace and that means that there must be an inward spiritual life. There is a difference between growth and enlargement. In the winter time boys will take a small snowball and roll it in the snow until it becomes larger and larger. Then one of the little fellows will gleefully say, "See how it is growing." As a matter of fact, it is not growing at all. It is being enlarged by accretion from without. Growth is enlargement by development from within. There can never be any substitute for inner spiritual resources. There can be no growth without that life. "Without me," said Jesus, "ye can do nothing."

Father, forgive us that we have been so self-complacent; so easily satisfied

with ourselves. Awaken within us such desires for holiness that we shall know the blessedness of those who hunger and thirst for Thee. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3

PERILOUS AMIABILITY

"PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS SAKE."
READ MATTHEW 5:10-16.

THERE is a very natural disposition on the part of all Christian people to be amiable. Few people enjoy antagonizing others but amiability has its perils. The capacity of moral indignation is a sign of strength and there are times when we must become thoroughly aroused. In the very nature of the case we cannot please everybody. That was a fine thing President James Garfield said, "Men ought to dare to look the devil in the face and name him devil." The writer once knew the mayor of a city in the east who was a tower of strength to Christian people. Once we heard him say, "I love the hatred of evil men."

Lord, deliver us from the fear of men. May we fully understand that no one can harm us but ourselves. Give us holy courage that men may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus. Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4

THE OUTREACH

"WHEN THOU ART CONVERTED."

READ LUKE 22:31-37.

IN A very real sense every Christian ought to be a missionary. The Christian life can never be a self-centered one. Growth ceases if toil ceases. Failure to serve invites disease and death. The great Baptist preacher of a generation ago, Dr. Alexander MacLaren, once said, "No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel, but suppose he did that. What would happen? Either the bushel would put the light out or the light would set the bushel on fire." It is more difficult for some people than for others to be energetic in spiritual affairs but the truth is, not only our happiness but actually our

spiritual life depends upon our sincere efforts to pass on the good news.

Lord, we thank Thee that we have heard the good news of the gospel. For the power that redeems and the grace which sustains we bless Thy name. Lead us to an understanding of our responsibilities and of the privilege of being fellow workers with Thee. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5

THE DEAD POINT OF TEMPTATION

"BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT ENDURETH TEMPTATION."
READ JAMES 1:12.

SPORTSMEN complain that in Australia beautifully colored cockatoos perch on the highest branches of the giant trees. They are almost out of reach. The shot rattles on their brilliant feathers with less force than a shower of hailstones. These birds are evidently as sagacious as they are beautiful for they understand that there is a "dead point" of the bullet. In this world we shall never be completely free from temptation but undoubtedly there are people who live on such high levels of principle, sentiment and religious conduct that temptation does not affect them as it does some others. The half-hearted disciple is always in danger. The enemy cuts down the stragglers in the rear.

Father, we pray that Thou wilt abide with us. Forgive us that our devotion to Thee has been so unsteady and so fitful. Make our hearts Thy dwelling-place, then no solicitation to evil shall harm us. We shall dwell in Thee and Thou in us. Amen.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6

THE UNKNOWN FACTOR

"I WILL MAKE YOU."

READ MARK 1:14-20.

OVER and over again ordinary men have been used by God to influence others in an extraordinary manner, while most brilliant men seemed ineffective and helpless. Erasmus, for instance, was a more brilliant man

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

than Martin Luther, and when Dwight L. Moody made his appearance there were hundreds of far better educated men than he in the ministry of the United States and elsewhere. An essayist sums it up by saying, "It is the soul of man which makes him a profitable servant of Christ. The unknown factor is the wealth of spiritual living. Jesus said, 'I will make you fishers of men', and there is nothing else which will suffice."

We thank Thee, Lord, for whatever gifts we possess but unless Thou dost touch our lives they will be barren and unfruitful. So enrich our lives that the beauty of the Lord may be upon us. Amen.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7

GOD'S FELLOW WORKERS
"LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD."
READ I CORINTHIANS 3:1-9.

IN OLDEN times art students began their training by doing some comparatively small task on a great painting or statue. When they were associated with Michelangelo or Raphael or any of the other great masters, they knew that their work would be carefully examined and corrected whenever necessary. His gracious touches would cancel every defect. When Paul wrote to the Christians at Corinth, he reminded them that they were God's "fellow workers" (R.V.) and that His task could not fail.

Lord, we remember how Thou didst call men from their fishing nets to follow Thee. Thou dost still call men to lives of surrender and service. May we hear Thy voice and follow. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8

THE BATTLE THAT NEVER ENDS
"HE SHALL RECEIVE THE CROWN OF LIFE."
READ JAMES 1:1-12

AT THE beginning of this century one of the most outstanding literary men was the English playwright and poet, Oscar Wilde. He was an agnostic and openly scornful about religion. He once heard a group of men discussing the question of temptation. He said with a sneer, "I have an easy way of getting rid of temptations. I just yield to them." That attitude accounts for the tragic and pathetic ending of Wilde's life. There is a sensitiveness to the approach of evil which every Christian feels and the very fact that they feel it so keenly indicates a healthy condition.

*They who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.*

FEBRUARY 1943

Father, save us from cowardly attempts to escape from struggles against evil. So carry on the work of grace within our hearts that we shall despise any deliverance from the path which Thy servants must tread. Amen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9

THAT NONE NEED DESPAIR
"A THORN IN THE FLESH."
READ II CORINTHIANS 12:1-11.

THE Apostle Paul made reference to his "thorn in the flesh." Hundreds of books have been written and sermons preached by men who sought to find out just what was the particular weakness which so humiliated the apostle. We do not know, but Charles H. Spurgeon once preached a great sermon on this subject in which he said that it was probably a good thing we did not know what was Paul's weakness. It is unspecified, he said, so that each one of us may apply it to ourselves. Each man may say within himself, "Perhaps Paul's weakness was similar to my own." It is in the mercy of God that His word never conceals the moral defects even of the best men and women.

We thank Thee for the cloud of witnesses, for the innumerable company of those who have gone before and have entered into rest leaving us an example of godly living. May we too run with patience the race that is set before us. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10

THE OBLIGATION OF THE STRONG
"BEAR THE INFIRMITIES OF THE WEAK."
READ ROMANS 15:1-7.

WHEN Paul wrote to the Christians at Rome he urged the strong to bear the infirmities of the weak. The word could be translated "feeble" or "sickly" and he was not thinking of a physical disability. He was thinking of some spiritual condition. He made it clear that it would be a cruel, a brutal thing, to bear down upon such people, to tell them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. After all, if religion does not make us charitable in our judgment of other people then it has not done very much for us. When someone asked David Livingstone how, in view of their cruelty, he could still treat Arab traders with patience, he replied, "I have faults of my own."

Lord, Thou hast been patient with us, help us to be patient with men. Increase our compassion for all who fall and may we bring hope to the despairing and strength to the weak. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11

A DAY AT A TIME
"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE."
READ II CORINTHIANS 12:7-11.

THE writer once called to see an invalid in a hospital where she had lain for many years. When asked how long she had been there, she said twenty-six years had passed since she had crossed the threshold of that room and never once in all that time had she been out even on the veranda. She had a form of spinal disease which made it impossible for her to be moved. But she neither lost her faith in God nor her courage. To this writer she said, "It only comes a day at a time and God has been so good to me."

Father, we know that Thou canst create in the hearts of Thy children such faith and hope and love that they can rise above bodily pain and adverse circumstances. May our hearts glow with this blessed warmth. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12

THAT GOD MAY BE GLORIFIED
"GLORIFY YOUR FATHER."
READ MATTHEW 5:13-16.

WHILE most people endeavour to put their best side out, there are others who seem to take a positive delight in concealing their good qualities. They speak and act as though they weren't sensitive. We sometimes talk about the disguises of hypocrisy but they are nothing to the disguises of brave people who go through life quietly and patiently and always being afraid of being considered good. We ought to be thankful that there are so many such people in the world and yet the faithful presentation of the Christian life is in itself the best advertisement for our faith. Jesus said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

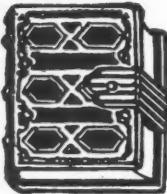
Lord, we owe so much to Thee that we cannot begin to repay Thee. May we be humble, yet unafraid; ever willing and eager to declare Thy mercy. Amen.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13

THE DUTY OF ENCOURAGEMENT
"HE THANKED GOD AND TOOK COURAGE."
READ ACTS 28:13-16.

IF A sneer can turn a man from what is good—and we know it can—why should not a smile or a word of encouragement keep him from evil? Make no doubt about this, the world is full of

(Continued on page 58)



SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Chester Warren Quimby

FEB.
7

JESUS AFFIRMS HIS DEITY *JOHN 8, 12-52*

THE PROBLEM IS: How could an obscure carpenter from "the back country" ever be the world saviour? How can any man who comes from a place like Galilee, in the early first century, be the universal, eternal saviour, who belongs to no locality and no era? While the answer cannot be explained, it can be illustrated.

How can an artist belonging to a certain century, a particular country, and a definite school of painting produce a picture that is everywhere and forever beautiful? Well, Rembrandt, Raphael and a thousand other painters have done it. Beauty is universal. How can a musician of a particular generation, nation and style produce a work that is ageless? Beethoven, Handel and others have done that. True melody is timeless and spaceless. So, too, writers like Shakespeare and Hugo have written works that cannot be imprisoned in any land or century. For truth also is universal; like beauty and harmony, its essence cannot be spotted on a map or dated on a calendar. By nature it belongs to all time and all places.

SO IS IT IN RELIGION. Any person, no matter how obscure his origin or how strange his environment, under the spirit of God may unfold the nature of God in truth that abides forever. When Amos declared "God is righteous" and Hosea that "God is love," they stated truth that is valid everywhere and forever. And when Jesus said and demonstrated that "God is sacrifice," he unfolded the glory of God so perfectly that men have been compelled to acknowledge, "Because he declared God perfectly, he is the Son of God."

MEN HAVE EVER doubted this. That anyone should have so reflected the nature of God as to be God among men is too stupendous a truth for some of them to believe. Some did not believe it in the day of John. Jesus, they said, made big unsubstantiated boasts about himself. "Thou bearest witness of thyself; thy witness is not true." They did not need any additional salvation, for they had it fully already in the covenant with Abraham. "We are Abraham's seed,

and have never yet been in bondage to any man." And they declared he was an impostor of dangerous character. "Thou hast a demon." Without credentials, unneeded, evil—He could be no Divine Son.

TO THESE CHARGES John replied: "This man also truly sets men free. He is the Divine Liberator. The truth shall make you free." Superstition and ignorance create fear, and fear paralyzes. At first truth often terrifies, but it opens doors, lets down bars, admits light. It emancipates. Next, John says, Jesus liberates from death. He is the Divine Life-giver. "If a man will keep my word, he shall never see death." John cannot mean physical death, for all men physically die. John means spiritual death. Those who receive Jesus' fulness are unaffected by physical or moral death. They alone are truly alive. Finally, John declares that Jesus fulfilled men's vital dreams. "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day." Abraham stands for all good men who have dreamed big. When Jesus came they realized that their dreams were really true, truer than they dared believe, and vaster than they had envisioned.

THUS JOHN BASES JESUS' affirmation of his deity, not upon some speculative questions like "how can an ancient Galilean be the Son of God?" Rather he bases it upon *what Jesus does*. Jesus does what God does. He liberates, gives life, and fulfills man's imperishable dreams. He who does the work of God, is God manifest in the flesh.

FOR TODAY: Men still deny Jesus' affirmation of his deity. Partly they do so for the same old reason. No ancient carpenter can be the world saviour. He could have no word for our complex, gadget-ridden modern life. Human flesh is unequal to so vast a revelation. They forget that the human spirit can mediate such universal, timeless glories as beauty, melody, truth and God. Some men today declare his teachings are so impossible that they depict not divine truth, but human folly. To live as He taught is forever impossible, and no lunatic dreamer can be the Son of God. The answer is still the same old, old answer of John: The dreams of men are the only true realities. And dreams

grounded in the ideals of Jesus are truest of all. No ideals save His have ever worked. Where He is heeded, the desert blossoms as the rose. In Him was the work of God. He, doing the work of God, is God.

FEB.
14

JESUS HEALS A BLIND MAN *JOHN 9*

THIS BLIND MAN sitting along some Jerusalem street represents another of John's hopeless cases. Worse off than the lame man who had sat by the pool of Bethesda for thirty-eight years, this man had been born blind. He had never seen light. Always he had dwelt in darkness. He knew the world only by sound and touch. The qualities of color were beyond his understanding. You could not say to him, "Red is like a trumpet blast; brown is like chocolate flavor." For neither "trumpet" nor "taste" give the vaguest truth about the nature of color. *Only if one can be made to see, can he know the meaning of sight.*

HENCE THIS CHAPTER represents Jesus as the Light of the World. "When I am in the world, I am the light of the world." Customarily John takes incidents like the Lame Man and the Feeding of the Five Thousand and uses them symbolically by adding some religious exposition, such as restoring the Morally Lame, and the Bread of Life. Here the discussion on Jesus, the Light of the World, comes first in chapter eight, and this illustration of the man born blind is put afterwards.

TODAY'S BLACKOUTS put new values on light. But in the ancient East light was always both difficult and precious. Instead of mazda lamps there were only glimmering wicks of low candle power. A fire gone out could be renewed only from borrowed coals. The blind, bereft of all light, could live only as begging paupers. Blackout living was helpless, useless and dangerous living. Hence any words promising light—"Arise, shine, for thy light is come;" "Upon them hath the light shined;" "I am the light of the world"—met instant response.

JOHN HERE SUGGESTS that the world is blind and in the dark. Like
(Continued on page 62)

The easy way to get the three A's

IN YOUR SUNDAY SCHOOL



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Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleaners. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks* or their action and is absolutely safe in toilet connections.* Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes.



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Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS
WITHOUT SCOURING

(Continued from page 35)

He rubbed his chin and a queer look came into his keen old eyes as Nancy snatched it and hastily turned away.

"That was your father's flute, Nancy," he reproached.

"Don't I know it?" choked the girl. "I—I wasn't going to sell it, not for good. You needn't think that!" she cried. "The dealer who wanted it—I was going to have it agreed that I could buy it back next fall, but just now—"

With a curious mixture of love and pride, sorrow and mirth, Uncle Nathan glanced from the cherished flute to the solemn old dog, and back to the brown head that had drooped against a giant pine trunk. It was with relief that he heard Jerry Mead's shout, as the boy's beautiful little Morgan, Lady, came trotting down the road, carry her master to school. Nancy's head came up on the instant.

"Say, folks," Jerry called, "I've got an idea. I stopped at the house, but couldn't find you. Don't know as you'll consider it, and sha'n't whimper if you tell me to mind my own business; but mother said she'd give anything in reason for that little walnut secretary of yours in the sitting-room. If you'd sell it, we could go over and fetch home the turks this afternoon."

Nancy looked breathlessly at Uncle Nathan.

"Why, I'd be glad to let her have it," he agreed willingly. "Twas one I bought at an auction, and we never thought no great of it."

"Oh, Jerry!" exclaimed Nancy. Then, more soberly: "Did you have to coax your mother much?"

Jerry's black eyes twinkled. "Well, that's settled." With a wave of his bookbag, Jerry cantered away down the hill on dainty-stepping Lady, the two a gay-spirited and handsome pair.

"Bless the boy!" Nancy said fervently, as, with shining faces, the two conspirators turned homeward.

"Uncle Nathan, I've been thinking," Nancy called across the long pan of boiling sap she was skimming when, after the housework and chores were done, the whole family had descended upon the sugar-camp. "Instead of trying to sell maple syrup, which is a drug on the market at this time of year, why couldn't we make it into that soft kind of maple candy with nuts in it? Aunt Emeline used to make and give us as a great treat? We could sell some to the high school students, I know. It was the best ever! Maybe Ben Bryce would let us put some in his store."

At noon Uncle Nathan took the two children up to the house, and when they returned alone later, Lynnie carried a covered pail in which was bread, with a slice of home-cured ham to roast on the wood coals, and an egg to boil in the sap. Nancy enjoyed her lunch, sitting on a beam in the sunny doorway, while the bluebirds talked nesting in their soft, twittering voices. Penny napped on a blanket, and Lynnie scorched her face before the fire in her zeal as cook and waitress.

They were tired girls late that afternoon when Uncle Nathan and Jerry came to their relief, but there were several gal-

lons of fast-thickening syrup, real "honey-drip", as Uncle Nathan declared, in the long pan to show for their work.

"You girls could qualify as firemen on the railroad," Jerry enthusiastically remarked, as he tested the syrup. "You're a trooper. But I'll warn you now not to let those turks out of the shed, for Zeke's primed for battle. Myself, I'd as soon have a bloodhound after me!"

Nancy's heart sang as she inspected the little flock in the old sheep-fold at the end of the barn. They meant work and care and responsibility; but, if she had luck, they meant food and clothes and winter comforts also.

When Nancy explored the garret, she discovered several bushels of butternuts from the trees along the road fence, a store of hazel and beechnuts for his pets, and a goodly supply of pop corn, for Uncle Nathan was as provident as a squirrel.

"We'll add pop corn balls and caraway seed cookies to our store sale," Nancy told Uncle Nathan. "There's caraway seed enough in the herb cupboard to supply the whole village of Meadowville."

So Nancy practiced her cookery in spare moments. On Monday of their second week at the farm, she walked the half-mile with timid Lynnie down to the country school, for she was dreading the ordeal of the first day. Then Nancy decided, in a flutter of excitement, to launch her important venture. That afternoon Uncle Nathan left her with Penny in the wagon, among her boxes and baskets, while he went into the store to talk with his old friend, Ben Bryce. In a few moments Nancy was beckoned in.

Soon rush of students filled the store.

Then she heard Jerry's voice, cheerful, honest, as reviving as the sun. "Say, but this is great! Why didn't you tell a fellow it was coming today? Dig out that platter of cornballs, Nancy. No, you can't have two, Dick; there won't be one apiece. Run out and call in the team, Fred. A boy can play ball if he fills up on some of those seedcakes. I've tried 'em, and I know."

They crowded around, laughing and chaffing each other, with Jerry the leader. Under his guiding hand the cornballs disappeared like magic and so did everything else, the girls carrying away much of the maple candy for treats. Uncle Nathan was busy taking in change. Nancy, her cheeks glowing with excitement, passed out plates and boxes, or tucked purchases away in the new paper bags the store-keeper had thoughtfully provided.

"Well, look a-here!" exclaimed that astonished individual, coming up to the last of the nut fudge disappeared. "Cleaned out in less'n a half hour!"

"I had a real good time," Uncle Nathan said with satisfaction, as they jogged homeward behind old Charlie. "Young folks always chirr a body up. I kept an eye out for Elvy—she always liked butternuts so—but I guess she's too busy to be larking around with the others. I hope she won't work too hard."

"Now I have a scheme," Jerry said the next day. "What do you say, everybody, to having a sugar-party some Saturday night? I tell you what, let's ask up Professor Channing, principal of the high school, and his wife—they're real folks—and some of the students."

(Continued on next page)

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"Should we have it in the kitchen?" asked Lynnie, all aglow at the mention of a party.

No busier people could be found in the country for a week than the conspirators. Lessons had to be learned and the farm tasks attended to, but in spare hours preparations went on apace. Invitations were written on small rolls of birch bark, decorated by Jerry in one corner by a pen-and-ink drawing of a sugar-camp. Tallow candles were run in the old tin candle-moulds to light the kitchen, whose walls were made woodsy with evergreen and fir boughs.

Then at last came the looked-forward-to Saturday. It seemed to busy Nancy that the old clock ticked off the hours twice as fast as it ever had before. The kitchen was a place of woodsy fragrance, the house set in order from garret to cellar, the rooms warmed by stove fires, dishes set out, lamps filled and trimmed. Then, almost before they were dressed and ready, a three-seated wagon, with Jerry driving a span of grays, had brought a load of high school students, Professor Channing and his wife among them. They all flocked in, and the hospitable old walls joyfully echoed their merry speech and laughter. Elva, mute with amazement was in their midst.

Jerry and Uncle Nathan drew off together, nodding like two toy mandarins. Professor Channing, a jolly, athletic man, with a shock of iron-gray hair and a booming voice that sent the heart of a truant or an ill-doer into his boots, regarded them with astonishment.

Professor Channing, who insisted upon serving his little fireside group to the refreshments, said to her cordially:

"This evening has certainly been worth while, Miss Elva. I've made a real find in your grandfather. I'm writing a history of the town, and he has given me valuable facts and anecdotes about pioneer times in Meadville."

While the dishes were being collected, Nancy looked up, as a sudden stillness settled on the noisy room, to see a tall, grave man, with the most interesting face she had ever seen, quietly cross the floor, speak a few words in a low tone to the fireside group, then take from the basket he carried several beautifully carved figures of deer and bear, wolf and fox, eagle and hawk, which he arranged on the long stone mantel.

Instantly the beauty and grace of the dark sculptured figures changed for Nancy the pine-draped mantel to a forest glade in which these dwellers in the wilderness seemed like living, breathing creatures, pausing a moment in graceful posture.

This man must be Jonathan Crag, the famous Indian sculptor of whom she had heard so much. Quietly, Nancy drew nearer, in order not to lose an accent of the speaker.

Standing at one side, with the play of firelight and shadow on his figure, the wood-carver told the life stories of the animal-friends, whose likenesses he had wrought with the infinite patience of genius, to a thrilled and silent audience.

After a silence far more impressive than any applause, Jonathan Crag talked a few minutes with Uncle Nathan and Professor Channing, then went out into the night as silently as he had come.

(To be continued)

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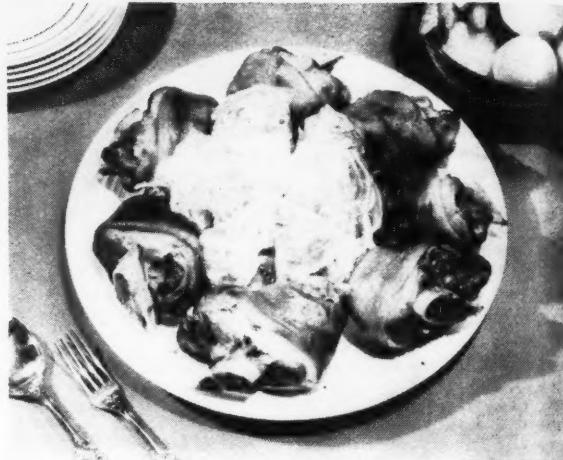
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A bit of ham and cauliflower can be stretched to feed multitudes, and all by a sauce. Courtesy General Foods Corp.



For a cold night, nothing like pigs' hocks and new cabbage. Courtesy American Meat Institute

Stina . . . AND THE CHURCH SUPPER

By Esther Foley

Even in a month dedicated to the great, Stina holds her own. Washington nods approval to the newcomer, from his wide gold frame. The deep sadness in the eyes of the pictured Lincoln brightens a little at the sight of this elfin American personage. As for St. Valentine, he beams outright, because how would he get along without cooks?

FOR Stina is a cook—an Alsatian-American cook. And a cook who bought fame with her church suppers as much as with home suppers.

Herman Smith knew Stina. She was housekeeper for his family when he lived on a prosperous Michigan farm in the 1870's and 1880's. And he has put her in a book, along with crystal chandeliers and double sleighs drawn by dappled greys. But more potent than any material wealth is the memory of Stina's homemade paté, the aroma of her famous hot prune juice.

The Smith farm had an orchard, a spring, a creek, a swimming pool, red barns and a big white house, all of which are important in memory; but most important is the recollection of the kitchen where Stina worked. And so Herman Smith's book is called "Stina, the Story of a Cook."

Stina had been born in un beau village in Alsace-Lorraine. She had starved through the siege of Paris and so she had developed an extraordinarily reverent attitude toward food—(she looked upon it as "the loving thoughts of God

made manifest") and toward her adopted country. Small, almost elfin, with bright black wise eyes, Stina could cook.

Starting with the New Year, and going right through to the next white Christmas, the book rides the months. Each page is perfumed with the tantalizing aroma of the food Stina found time and material to make. In June we find her preparing for the annual strawberry festival to be held in the evening on the lawn of the Baptist church. Much time and space is spent so that the soft June night, sweet with syringa and roses, might be well pictured and so that the pompadoured, tightly corseted women, their rustling taffeta skirts protected by stiffly starched lace-trimmed white aprons, might preside in detail at enormous cut-glass bowls overflowing with sun-ripened dark red berries. And so the cakes—marble cake, gold and silver cake, moonlight cake, Bible cake and endless others—might be word-tasted. But little does Herman Smith say of Stina and her part in all this. An interview brought forth a hitherto unprinted chapter in Stina's



Patriotic, this Star Pie, in design and in economy. Courtesy Bird's Eye Quick Frosted Foods

cooking life.

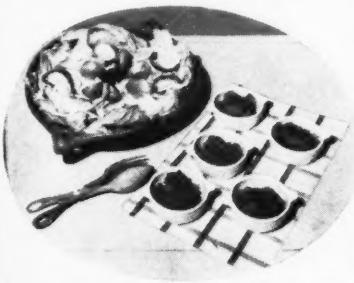
"Stina had some very definite ideas about the way church suppers should be run," Herman Smith said. "It was her opinion that the specialists in any one line should make all of the one food for which they were famous. If the materials are assembled and help for the less important operations are provided . . . then Mrs. Smith, who is famous for her stew, will be able to turn out quarts of stew, and Mrs. Jones, who is famous for her baked pears, will turn out dish after dish, all equal in flavor and consistency. Stina had only a few recipes, but those few were superb; they could withstand mass cooking."

Stina cooked and planned in a time when the simplest foods were available and when economy was every bit as important as it is now. Her suggestion for gathering the ingredients together so that the best cooks could cook, is a good suggestion, now that rationing is here.

Many church supper clubs, unless they have signed for a sugar ration book, have used sugar donated by the members from individual ration allowances. Now

that meat is hard to get, one-fourth pound donated by each person who is to attend the supper will solve the meat dish. Ground meat, breast or neck of veal, or pigs hocks, are good meats for individual donation. Coffee or tea and butter may also be gathered as donations. Fresh fruits and vegetables can, at the moment, be purchased without restriction. Because church supper groups were classed "institutional" for the sugar ration card, no doubt a similar arrangement will be made for obtaining the other rationed foods.

The need for "food collection" might mean smaller supper groups, more fre-



Hot savory rice and a green salad is a filling favorite. Courtesy of N.Y. Herald Tribune

quent gatherings, and certainly it means that the food must be most carefully prepared and nicely served. Try out the recipes of a cook thrifty and good enough to take the central place in a historical manuscript.

STINA'S BLANQUETTE DE VEAL ALSACIENNE

10 pounds breast of veal, cut in 2-inch cubes	$\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
1 pound salt pork or bacon squares	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ quarts stock from veal
60 small white onions	5 egg yolks, slightly beaten
30 potatoes	1 tall can evaporated milk
30 small carrots, sliced	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced parsley
1 cup butter, or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup margarine	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice

Wash veal and salt pork. Cook with water to barely cover 45 minutes, skimming constantly. Add vegetables and simmer, covered, until vegetables are tender. Melt butter, blend flour and cook over low heat until mixture bubbles. Add stock from veal, the evaporated milk, the lemon juice, a little grated rind, and then the egg yolks. Cook over very low heat until slightly thickened. Drain meat and vegetables of any remaining stock, and serve with sauce. Yield: 30 portions.

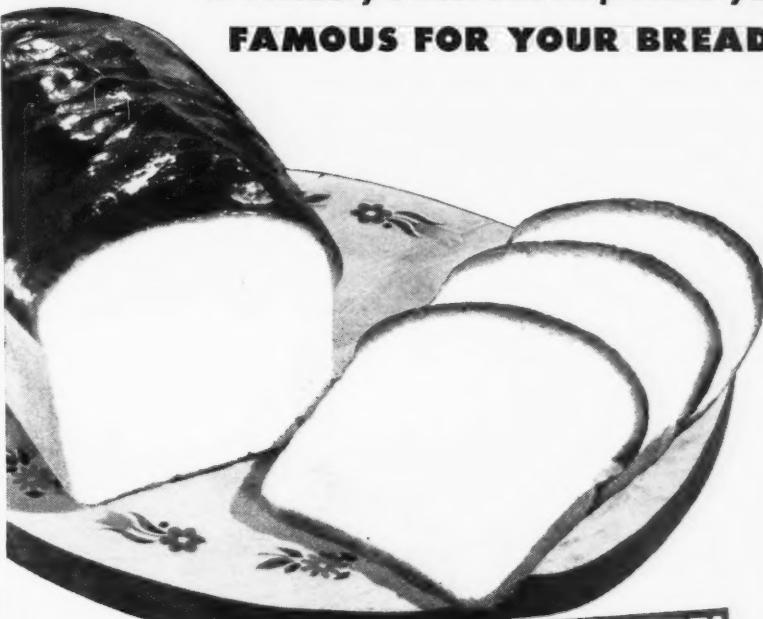
With this Stina would serve hard rolls (so that the crusty bits could sop up the sauce), a side dish of celery if any was in the market, and for dessert an Apple Pot and a hot drink.

APPLE POT

30 apples	thin cream
1 pound butter, or half butter and margarine	juice of 1 lemon
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups nutmeats, shredded
4 cups flour	maple sugar or brown sugar
1 tablespoon cinnamon	
1 teaspoon salt	

Wash apples, pare if necessary, and
(Continued on page 49)

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- 4 cups scalded milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons salt
- 6 tablespoons lard

TIME: About 45 to 50 minutes

- 2 cakes compressed yeast
- 4 cups lukewarm water
- 6 quarts (6 lbs.) sifted PILLSBURY'S BEST Enriched Flour

(till impression of finger stays in dough).
6. Punch gas from dough; cover; let rise again for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. 7. Put on floured board; flatten out. Cut and mold into 6 balls; let rest (closely covered) for 15 min. Shape into loaves. 8. Place in greased 9x5x3-in. loaf pans; cover; keep in warm place till dough fills pan and center rises above top (about 2 hrs.). Bake in hot oven.

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GARDENING IN WARTIME

By Donald H. Kingery



IT IS the job this year of everyone of us who has a bit of ground and strength to enlist in the garden army of our country.

It is the duty of everyone of us too old for more strenuous work or who has time after other daily tasks are over, to fight a war of our own to grow more food.

It is our plain task to have the best garden we ever had in our lives, from spring until fall, and to use all the ingenuity we possess to overcome the handicaps we'll face in materials and supplies.

Every pound, every ounce that we can grow at home of vegetables and fruits is that much gained to add to the total food supplies of our country.

These may sound like platitudes but they represent the garden creed of my own household. Out of our own experiences and plans, let me set down a few suggestions that I trust may be of help to some of you who may read.



IF YOU plan your garden first, before you order your seeds, plants and supplies, your orders can be made out more satisfactorily and perhaps waste may be avoided. Plan to grow vegetables only in such space that has ample sunlight, that is well drained and that has reasonably suitable soil.

If your garden space is small, plan on growing only those vegetables which will take but a small amount of space and those which will give you a continued crop.

The smallest bit of ground will provide a bed in which can be sown lettuce, radishes, beets, green onions at least. Beans of all kinds and tomatoes will bear over a long time. Peas take more space and last but a few days but can be followed by other crops.

Cabbage is cut but once, but it is valuable if you have the space. Likewise dry onions for winter. Do not attempt sweetcorn, potatoes, melons unless you have room to grow enough to make them worth while.

The small, early sown vegetables are suited for a small bed. Beyond these, it will help take care of your crops if you plant them in the longest rows possible. Longer rows are more readily cultivated, especially if you use a wheel hoe for the purpose.



GARDEN work should be begun just as soon as the weather permits. This time is right now in parts of the South and Southwest and keeps moving north as the season advances. Begin spading or plowing as soon as the frost is out of the ground and the soil will work. The sooner the soil is turned over the better, especially if the space has been in sod or if a coating of manure is to be turned under.

As you begin your seed sowing, put out first just a part of your seeds of lettuce, radishes, beets, carrots and peas. Sow just enough so that you can use these up, as they are at their best. Then in two weeks or so, make a second sowing. Other successive sowings can be made at intervals.

With string or snap beans, peas, cabbage, tomatoes and sweetcorn, you can select varieties which come on and mature at different times. A judicious selection of each of these, even if planted at the same time for each kind, will give a longer season of vegetables. That is, if you have room for three dozen cabbage plants, instead of having all of one kind, put out a dozen each of early, medium and late varieties.



IN SELECTING varieties of vegetables, I aim to pick those most suited to the home garden, rather than those suited for commercial growing. Most seed catalogs designate the home garden sorts in some way. I try also to have varieties best adapted to our own section and I do not bother with some kinds not suited to our climate and soil, no matter how excellent they may be elsewhere. I invariably choose any available disease-resistant variety, even though such may cost a few cents more a packet.



IN ALL these things, I find my seed catalogs of utmost value. The catalogs of the leading firms tell me where a crop or variety is best grown, when to sow or plant, distant apart, days from sowing or planting to maturity and often give cultural hints. This of course holds true for catalogs which list flowers and nursery stocks.

The home garden bulletin and other publications from your state agricultural college will likewise be helpful. These publications are free to citizens of one's own state and can be obtained from the office of your county agricultural extension agent, usually located in the court house or postoffice or by sending a card to the college.



IT IS important that you secure your season's supply of vegetable seeds through your catalog or from your local seedsman at once, if you have not done so already. On one hand, the supply of some kinds of seeds is quite limited, while on the other, early spring sales of all kinds of vegetable seeds were running far ahead of last year.

This also holds true with regard to materials for dusting and spraying and for commercial plant foods. Some of these will surely be available only in restricted amounts.

(Continued from page 47)

slice very thin directly into a large shallow dripping pan. Work the butter, the sugar, the flour and the cinnamon and salt into a crumbly mass, like pastry. Sprinkle this thickly over the apples. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour or until the apples are tender. Then spoon light cream mixed with lemon juice meagerly over the top, sprinkle with brown or shaved maple sugar if available, and return to oven to glaze slightly. Serve warm. Yield: 30 portions.

Rice with Marengo sauce is a hot, filling, flavorsome dish, and retains its heat through a long serving period if served in deep, small individual soup bowls or casseroles.

RICE WITH MARENGO SAUCE

3 green peppers	1 No. 10 can or 5 No. 2 cans tomatoes
3 onions	1 cup butter
1 cup butter	1 4-ounce can pimiento
1½ cups flour	2 tablespoons sugar
boiled rice	

Sauté chopped green peppers and chopped onions in butter until tender. Add flour and blend thoroughly. Add tomatoes to above mixture and cook until sauce boils, stirring constantly. Add chopped pimiento and sugar and mix thoroughly. Serve over freshly cooked rice. Yield: 3½ quarts or 30 portions.

For a larger supper, one for fifty persons, Stina relied on a baked meat dish, one which could be served with a large portion of a simple vegetable like string beans, and be a pleasant picture needing only sweet pickles or mustard pickles for zest. Cabbage, cut into two-inch squares can be substituted for the cauliflower.

SCALLOPED CAULIFLOWER AND HAM

2 gallons (10 heads) cauliflower, broken into flowerets or 20 lbs. of cabbage	1 teaspoon paprika
8 ounces quick cooking tapioca	8 ounces pale honey
¾ ounce salt	1 ½ pints buttered crumbs
1 teaspoon pepper	

Cook cauliflower in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Add quick cooking tapioca, salt, pepper, paprika, and butter to milk, and cook over rapidly boiling water 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Place layer of tapioca mixture in shallow baking pans, cover with cauliflower and ham, and top with tapioca mixture. Sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 to 20 minutes, or until brown. Yield: 48 portions, 2/3 cup each.

Only the most simple desserts can be well made for a large crowd, Stina believed. And a fruit gelatin was her favorite for a casserole meal. It is colorful, light, tart and satisfying. And, for a church supper, easy to serve. Use the flavored gelatins, and treat the dessert in any way that comes handy. Chill it in individual glasses, and top with a bit of egg white meringue to take the place of the heavy cream, gone long since.

STINA'S BAKED PEARS

50 firm russet pears	2 cups sugar
Water	2 cups pale honey
½ cup lemon juice	Few drops vanilla
6 whole cloves	

Pare the fruit, remove core, and cut in half if the pears are very large. Combine remaining ingredients, using as much water as is needed to cover pears. Cook very gently, in a large shallow pan, (a slow oven may be used if desired) until pears are tender. Cool. Serve with the juice. Yield: 50 portions.

FEBRUARY 1943

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(Continued from page 24)

Gay had never been sick a day in her life till little Sam decided to arrive. And it was a boy like she'd planned, but he lived only ten minutes. The little brown man's eyes went bleak remembering how he couldn't let the doctor tell Gay; he knew she'd rather they'd be alone when she heard. But you could still hear her cry out, "No!", it would echo in your ears till the end of your days . . . And then she'd thought of you, as always.

"We've still got each other, Sam," she said.

Oh yes, in sickness and in health. You weren't man and wife until you learned that, either way, you had each other.

It had been a good idea of Gay's, the little brown man thought, giving John Adams the \$100,000 they had planned to set aside in a trust fund. The hardware business had mushroomed so that they could afford it now; besides they didn't want to spend that money for just anything.

"It belonged to little Sam," Gay explained to John Adams. "But he doesn't need it. So we want you to build a chapel beside the big church where anyone who wants to can get baptized or married or . . . or anything." It was too soon to say "buried."

"With people living in small apartments and flats the way they do now," Gay went on, "there isn't always a good place for a wedding. Couldn't we give a little more money, Sam, to pay for the electric lights and the janitor and things? Then it wouldn't cost anyone anything to get married in our chapel!"

So Sam had given that "little more." The little brown man stared fixedly at the childish curve of the bride's neck where you could see it through her veil and at the broad khaki-colored shoulders of the new groom. It might not cost them anything but it had cost you and Gay plenty. If you'd had the cash this chapel cost with its endowment to pay your creditors when the crash came, the little brown man thought, it would have been a big help. Not that you were an Indian giver, but it made your mouth taste like bad coffee even yet, remembering the terrible headlines you and Gay had read in the Paris newspaper that morning.

DANIEL BLOOM AND COMPANY CRASH, PARTNER ABSCONDS."

He hadn't believed it. He'd cabled frantically for details and it was true, all right. Dan, it seemed, had been speculating with the firm's funds and when he saw the end coming, he'd skipped out, leaving you and Gay only headlines . . . and howling creditors.

"I've got to get home," he told Gay. "Quick."

"Of course you have, dear," Gay had said. She'd touched your arm, pleading. "But don't look like that, Sam. We'll sell the place. Our things. Pay people back. But we haven't done anything to be ashamed of!"

We, Gay would say that. She hadn't the slightest idea that all they owned wouldn't be a drop in the bucket, that it would take years and years to pay back what the firm owed. Or had she? Great beads of perspiration stood out on the little brown man's forehead as he re-

membered how he'd found Gay the next morning, lying on the twin bed next to his. She'd always insisted that their beds be close enough so you could reach across; but this was the first time her hand hadn't stirred and curled about his when he touched it . . .

"Had she had any kind of a bad shock?" the doctor had asked. "Her heart simply . . . stopped. I'm sorry."

Sorry! There wasn't a word big enough for it. Even now the little brown man began to shake so he had to take hold of the back of the pew in front of him. Gay'd had strain all right. Dan Bloom had a lot to answer for wherever he was, in this world or the next. But you'd kept faith with Gay; "Take-My-Word-For-It-Sam" had come back and begun again; you'd made good too, only this time it had been a harder pull than when you were younger. Still, in six months, say, pay back the last dollar you owed. The firm owed, that is.

The little brown man threw up his chin and straightened his shabby shoulders just as the voice of Dr. Adams rang out in the quiet room.

"I pronounce you husband and wife." The words rolled up and up with a solemn sound like an organ playing and were lost in the peace of the eternal gray of the arches above the very young bride and groom. "And that which God has joined together, let no man put asunder!"

Why, bless me, the boy in khaki was giving her a hug right in front of everybody!

"Look, Gay!" he urged. "Just look at those two kids!"

He didn't care whether he whispered the words now or shouted them, for all at once he saw what Gay had meant long ago, and it was so big, so glorious that his heart began to pound and there were silver trumpets in his ears. "Every bride who gets married here will belong to us a little, won't she, Sam?" Why, these were their kids, his and Gay's. So long as these arches stood where folks could come to laugh and pray and get married, he and Gay would go on living together! It was a kind of immortality.

The organ trumpeted on triumphantly, the sabres of the officer ushers flashed and crossed and under their arch, the very young bride and groom swept by him in a fragrance of mignonette like Gay used to plant in her window boxes. And the little brown man went on smiling.

"Sam Robertson!"

Dr. Adams rushed over to greet the little brown man delightedly as the wedding guests flowed out into the aisles. "It's good to see you, man. I could hardly believe my eyes when I spotted you at the back of the church. How are you?"

"Fine. I saw in the paper there was going to be a wedding here," the little brown man told him. "So I thought I'd drop in." He tilted back on his heels, stuck his hands in his pockets and jingled the coins absently. Funny to be standing in a chapel you'd paid more than \$100,000 for with \$1.25 in your pocket that had to last you till next Saturday! He grinned at Dr. Adams and when his brown eyes twinkled, his whole face came alive, looked younger.

"This is the best investment I ever made, John," Sam Robertson said. "Take my word for it!"

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(Continued from page 21)

delivered. Actually the address attracted very little attention. Actually, Lincoln received very little applause at the finish; John Hay, who was Lincoln's secretary and later his biographer, says that the applause seemed more out of politeness to the President than out of esteem for the President's speech.

A local Gettysburg minister, Dr. D. T. Carnahan, paid a splendid tribute to Lincoln after the President was dead and buried; this memorial sermon was so popular that it was printed and sold at ten cents a copy. You would expect it to be full of personal remarks about Lincoln's visit to Gettysburg; you would expect to find the famous Gettysburg address given here in toto. *It wasn't even mentioned.* Rev. Mr. Carnahan spoke eloquently of Lincoln's ability as an orator and quoted Lincoln's address to his old neighbors as he was leaving Springfield, to prove that he was a great orator. But of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg he made no mention whatever.

And yet nobody, neither the editor of the local paper nor any one else who read this final tribute, felt that Rev. Mr. Carnahan had omitted anything of importance. The truth is that at the time, and to those who heard it in person, the Gettysburg address was brief, unsatisfactory, and unimportant.

There are today six different versions of the Gettysburg Address, five of them in Lincoln's own handwriting. The first and briefest copy numbers only 239 words. Lincoln added to the speech in several places after the first draft; the phrase beginning "under God" was an afterthought, and it made the shorthand report of the speech some thirty words longer than the original. Lincoln was asked several times to write out a fresh copy, to be auctioned off at some state fair for the benefit of soldier relief, and every time he did so he polished up the speech a little more. The sixth and final version numbers 272 words.

Students of language have noted the simplicity and power of Lincoln's vocabulary. Out of 272 words, only forty-six were of Latin derivation. The other 226 words were all Anglo-Saxon—short and intelligible, like the words of our Bible. It has also been pointed out authoritatively that many of the phrases of the speech were not original with the Great Emancipator; many of the most important of his statements undoubtedly grew out of the reading that began before the fire place in the frontier log cabin.

The first draft of the article did not use the phrase "under God." Lincoln put this in while he was making the speech. He took it from Parson Weems' "Life of Washington." What is important is that Lincoln caught up in the nets of his gloriously effective vocabulary a strange, lovely, elusive thing called the American Dream. He put democracy into words that a child could understand, and love. He summarized everything that Gettysburg was fought for, in the fewest possible words. He stabbed the American heart with a language-sword, and he left upon that heart a lovely scar that is not yet healed, that never shall be healed, that, pray God, we shall never want healed.

That speech made us love America, and all that America stands for.

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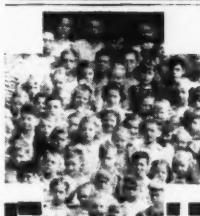
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(Continued from page 15)
thirty or more miles inland; their spiritual shepherds went into exile with them.

One of our missionaries, in internment on Christmas day, lay on his cot singing all the Christmas carols he could remember, to keep his spirits up. Several days later, passing down a file of Japanese prisoners, one of the Japanese whispered to him, "Thank you for Christmas!" A simple old Chinese farmer who had been nicknamed "Smiley" substituted for an imprisoned pastor and elder, and conducted a funeral. At the grave, truckloads of Japanese troops were passing constantly, and the mourners had to stop their ceremony and bow to the men in the trucks. They bowed with a simple dignity, and then turned with the same dignity to go on with the funeral of their friend. That took some courage, but even an illiterate old farmer had it! One of our mission compounds in Shantung was filled to capacity with Christian—and non-Christian—refugees. Before they were free to travel the road again, it was hard to tell Christian from non-Christian, and the Church nearby was filled as it had never been filled before.

In Korea, the government commanded the church bells and melted them up into war scrap; yet the four thousand and two Presbyterian and Methodist churches in the land have their regular services Sundays and Wednesdays, when the faithful gather, read the Bible, sing their old hymns, and talk of the Kingdom of God. The students of chosen Christian college offered to raise money to finance interned American missionaries. When Japanese plainclothes men searched a missionary home in Seoul, one of them whispered to the missionary, "This is your Christmas Day; I am sorry we had to come on such a day!"

In Japan an interned Christian teacher learned that some of his Japanese friends were trying to get in to visit him; they were persistently turned away by the soldiers. He was asked one day to step to a window and look down into the prison courtyard; there, along the prison wall, his friends stood silent, with their hats in their hands, and against the wall at their backs they had heaped up a huge pile of flowers. It was a mute and powerful tribute. They were probably punished for that. There is evidence galore of Japanese Christians taking food from their own sparsely-loaded tables and

smuggling it in to the imprisoned missionaries, in the face of the Japanese soldiery.

Leaving Thailand, a missionary heard a convert whisper, "Don't forget; on the first boat that lands here after the war is over, I'll be looking for you." And from China comes this, from a Chinese: "We have reached the end of an era. Nothing will ever be the same again. Even missions stand at the opening of a new era—different in many ways. The keynote now will be Cooperation, Fellowship, Equality."

No, my American friend, the missionary crusade is not at an end; it has merely reached a turn in the road. It will go on. It cannot possibly die, with the Christians of Japan and Korea and Thailand and China behaving like this; no Martian heel will ever stamp this out. They are risking their own lives to keep strong their one last bond of Christian fellowship and understanding, and the gun big enough to blast it has not yet been made. They will go on.

But what will you do, here at home? Having inspired all this, will you quit now? If you quit, all the missionary effort of the past hundred years shall have been in vain—and we shall have no peace whatever in this world, for years to come.

Two or three years ago, a high official of the "New Order" in the East recommended that henceforth all Bibles should be thoroughly revised and brought into harmony with New Order ideas and ideals. The words "King of Kings" and "Lord of Lords" had to be blotted out! Out of the Bibles and the hymns and out of all the religious literature of Korea.

What of it? What if "Crown Him Lord of All" is altered? We know who is Lord of All, and so does Korea, and that knowledge, buried deep in the heart, can never be torn out. They still sing the old hymns in the East, and they still turn the pages of the Bible that has comforted the world all through the centuries. The Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Commandments and the Twenty-Third Psalm—they are still there, still in the hearts of His people. This I know; this I remember; it is all I want to know and remember.

Did you dream for one minute that the Japanese military machine can triumph over God and His word? Forget it, my friend. It simply cannot be done.

(Continued from page 17)

"Eddie means it too! He is never happy when he brings down a Boche. It seems to hurt him. He's a tender sort of a fellow, as sympathetic as he is daring. We all think he's tops around here, both as an aviator and as a man." Then he added, "You know, Doctor, he's as bad as you Parsons."

"What do you mean, as bad as us Parsons?" I asked him.

"That guy prays, Doctor!"

Eddie was born in Columbus, Ohio on October 8th, 1890; he was the "runt" of a family of seven children, so sickly that his mother said many times that she never expected to raise him to manhood. But something happened when Eddie was twelve which made a man of him. His

father was killed in an accident.

Then it was that Eddie Rickenbacker, from that day on, twelve years of age, the runt of the family, sickly and thin, seemed to say to himself, "I ain't nothing but a boy but I gotta' ack like a man now!" And he has been acting like a man ever since.

He was always eager to get an education, but since he had to go to work at twelve he made up for his lack of education by taking a course in a Correspondence School; he took full advantage of it, working nights. Working in a buggy factory at Columbus when automobiles came in, he soon became one of the country's most daring racing drivers.

When the last war came, he went to France and was soon driving General

(Turn to next page)

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(Continued from page 52)

Pershing's car. But he was eager to get into a pilot's seat, and he persuaded General Pershing to let him go to an Aviation School in France. Five weeks at Villeneuve and he was sent to Toul as a full fledged aviator with his own fighting plane. He came home as the American Ace of Aces.

When he came home from the war, New York went wild in its acclaim. The automobile manufacturers gave him a big banquet and he was offered one hundred thousand dollars to go act in a motion picture written around his adventures as the American Ace. It was characteristic of him that Eddie turned that offer down, although he came out of the war penniless.

Rather than make a motion picture hero out of himself he hired an old second hand Ford car, got a rifle and went out alone into the Arizona mountains to hunt and try to get rid of his war nightmares.

It was no easy thing for a sensitive spirit such as Eddie Rickenbacker's to make the adjustment from war to peace; but he did it, and in the way that was most natural: he took to flying peace planes.

After several ventures in the manufacturing of automobiles and planes, all of which failed, he once again got into the flying end and on February 19th, 1934, he flew an Eastern Airline transport from Los Angeles to Newark in thirteen hours and four minutes to break the world's record. The following November he piloted a fourteen-passenger Douglas airliner between those same two cities in twelve hours and three minutes to break his own record. Later he became the executive head of Eastern Airlines, and it was on one of his inspection flights last year that he crashed in one of his own planes near Atlanta, Georgia, and was nearly killed. Stunned for hours, when he finally came to consciousness his first thought was for others, and he said to the rescue squad when they came, "For heaven's sake don't light any matches—and get the others to hospitals right away. I can wait. I'm not badly hurt."

But he was badly hurt; he lay in an Atlanta Hospital for months. But even of that experience, he told a reporter, "I prayed, my Mother, my wife prayed, my friends prayed, and I got well. It's always that way with the Rickenbackers."

When he landed in San Francisco, after a few weeks in a Honolulu Hospital, the reporters said of him: "At the hotel he was the same old Rick, laughing and joking. But there was one difference—he wouldn't talk of his experience. He was under Army orders to give out no statement until he made his official report to Washington.

"It was evident though that Rickenbacker felt pretty good to be back in America. He found it difficult to hide his tremendous confidence in God; the confidence that had saved him, time after time, in a lifetime of close brushes with death."

I tell this simple story just as it has come to me personally and from all angles. The newspapers seem to look upon it as live news. "God was on our raft," says Eddie. "And," adds Mrs. Rickenbacker, "He will be, from now on."

FEBRUARY 1943



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The Horn of Life, by Gertrude Atherton. (290 pp., D. Appleton-Century, \$2.50.) Here is a book with only one distinction that I can find—the most inexcusable and blasphemous line I have read in modern fiction. If that is its excuse for being written, then it has one. It is too bad that a writer of Gertrude Atherton's standing should stoop to such filth.

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A Basis for the Peace to Come, by McConnell, Dulles, Pato, Pasovsky, Hu Shih, Hambro. (152 pp., Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, \$1.00.) Six international leaders consider economic and religious problems with a look toward peace.

One Man's Destiny, by C. R. Dickey. (334 pp., Destiny Publishers, \$2.50.) The romantic story of Abraham and his descendants. It is truly the story back of the story of America. Equally it is the romance that sweeps forward upon the life stream of the Bible. More than a story, it is the biography of the family whose destiny is not yet fully revealed.

Book of Etiquette, by Mrs. Oliver Harriman. (646 pp., Greenberg Publisher, \$3.00.) If this is not the first complete book of etiquette by an American social leader it is certainly the most complete. Every woman who plans a tea or looks forward to the wedding of a daughter or the death of a loved one will find this volume invaluable. It is a social library for every age and situation. There are, of course, a vast number of particulars that will be of interest to only a few, but I find Mrs. Harriman particularly sensitive to the convictions of those who are not of her "set". Though she is not of our company she does have a decent regard for "abstainers". She writes, "The host who embarrasses his non-drinking guest . . . is as much at fault as the guest who openly criticizes his host." To that we add a hearty "Amen!"

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Says:



I put the turnips in too early this year, and ours are all gone, but I bought a bushel for eighty cents—we used to sell them, five bushels for a dollar—and we had turnip hash for breakfast. Did you ever eat any? You mash potatoe and turnips together and make patties, and sprinkle a little flour on each side so they will brown good, and fry them. Are they good!

Here it is Sunday again. Luckily we have no church service anywhere today, for how it is snowing—a real snow storm. In the forenoon we worked about the barn, closing cracks here and there to make it warmer. No use trying to go to some church, as the car won't come out of the garage without chains on.

Next, I shoveled paths till dark. Then we had hot tomato soup with crackers for supper, and it was good. I didn't know we had any crackers, but Mom found some.

Now here it is Monday morning, and I am on the train going to Syracuse. The woman beside me seems just dying to talk—so why not let her. As I tried to do a bit of writing she said, "Are you an author?" "Well, not exactly though I did write a book." Goodness, how she jumped! "You know I'm writing a book. It's about a cat and her four kittens and they talk to each other. One of them runs away and is found and taken in to a kind family and its mother goes out looking for it. I have some of the books here in my bag. Would you like to see it? I've changed it so many times you can hardly make it out—" I told her that probably she would spoil it by changing it so much and it might be better to try and finish it than always changing what she had written. Then she ran on about herself. "Had a sister in New York—gave my room to mother-in-law—I have cot in hall—terrible—sleep about an hour then awake all night. She always writes me what she wants for Christmas—something that costs a plenty. Got the better of her this year—sent her present real early her letter passed it on the way—wanted linen towels. I always give her husband two pair of fine socks—I'm going to Rochester and have friends there but won't stay with them—am hungry—fish in dinner was terrible—" so she rambled on. I reached down in my bag and pulled up a copy of "Forty Years a Country Preacher" and handed it to her. You know she immediately took to reading it and there was never a sound out of her till the end of the trip.

GEORGE B. GILBERT

FEBRUARY 1943

(Continued from page 12)

What an indictment of the type of religious instruction they had received!" Surely here is complete failure to appreciate the human and unique quality of hymns and songs; whatever their limitations they did comfort and sustain men through an ordeal without parallel in seafaring history. Jesus would not have made that mistake. He had a sense of humor! It is written that "The common people heard him gladly". Perhaps in that last lies the answer, or at least an answer, to our question. The common people—and how poor of body, mind and soul those common people were—heard Jesus gladly because they could understand Him. Jesus spoke the vernacular as well as scholarly Hebrew. The priests could not be understood, save only by the priests. Call that common man of two thousand years ago a moron, if you will, but he had an empty soul, a hungry heart, a starved life and the synagogue had nothing for him. He did not belong to the church. He was one of Galilee's or Judea's "Seventy million," but he too, came with the appeal "Teach me to pray." And Jesus taught him.

Today every faith has an unparalleled opportunity to win the seventy million unchurched of the United States. To Protestant Christianity, with its inherent spiritual flexibility, the challenge is unique. The opportunity may not come in this manner for a hundred years. Now we may speak—we must speak. But God pity us, as well as the seventy million, if we speak only in the fashion of the prayers one publisher asked for and couldn't use!

(Continued from page 28)

The same perfect comradeship can be found among the Protestants and Catholics in the Netherlands. There, in the main, church services are allowed to proceed, but no Dutch Christian is in doubt about the anti-religious nature of Nazism.

In Norway, the Germans themselves regard the country's religious front as one of their greatest dangers.

In Czechoslovakia, pastors are maltreated and persecuted almost as furiously as in Poland. Yet they are unrelenting in their efforts to maintain faith and hope.

In Yugoslavia and Greece, the invaders struck savagely at the Catholics and at the Greek Orthodox Church. The persecution here is deliberate and systematic. But, as in other countries, there too the priests stand in the forefront of the battle, carrying on, often in disguise and always in risk of their lives.

There is no doubt that Hitler has lost the battle against religion. Not only has he been unable to defeat his unarmed opponents, but under the misery and suffering he has brought over Europe, religion has taken on a new and deeper meaning in the hearts of millions of men. *It has been transfigured from a formula, from a custom, into a living truth.* And this truth will warm the workers who will start rebuilding the world after the weapons of the Nazi hordes have been turned upon the Nazi themselves, and wiped them from the face of this tortured earth.

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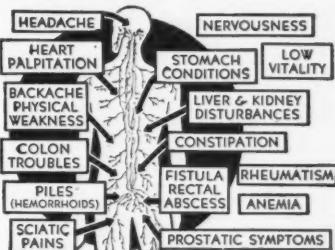
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(Continued from page 31)

not destroying them when I make them friends?" When this land had been scorched by four years of fierce fighting and burning hatreds, he came to his second inaugural "with malice toward none, with charity for all." From such a spirit of magnanimity flowed the rivers of healing forgiveness which would have hastened the restoration of national unity had Lincoln been allowed to live.

To be a creator of hope and faith, to quicken the imaginations of others, to stir thoughts too deep for words, to awaken the life that is life indeed—that is what Isaiah had in mind when he said "A man shall be as rivers of water in a dry place." And God knows we need such men now.

Let us finish the prophet's description of great manhood: "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

A year ago last summer we were driven to the 10,000 foot summit of Mount Haleakala, on the island of Maui in the Hawaiian group. It is an extinct volcano with a crater large enough to contain the whole city of Chicago—at least that is what the guidebook said, and I took its word for it, without stepping it off. As the sun beat upon that crater, it looked like a vast desert of cindery waste. Our eyes contracted with that strained look which comes when the sun beats on brown sand. But when the shadows of the setting sun began to lengthen, several things happened. Our eyes relaxed their strain, and our vision was restored. More than that, lovely colors of blue and gold began to replace the brown of the crater sands. And still more, gradually our gaze was lifted from the cindery earth to the sky and the sun. We were left looking up and not down.

All this is symbolic of what a noble character does. He is the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." He relieves the tension of our straining eyes, and restores our vision. He brings out the colors of life, transferring the browns of drab routine into the rich blues and golds of romance and idealism. And he leaves us looking up.

Of a certain famous European amusement center, it was once said, "The lights of the Casino have blotted out the stars." Ah, yes, the gambling casinos of men have blotted out the stars of heaven. We greedy mortals have kept our eyes glued to our game of getting and spending. And now to that commercial gamble is added the awful struggle of a world at war. The fires of carnage, as well as the lights of the casinos, have blotted out the stars. We need personalities tall enough to lift our vision and leave us looking up.

"God give us men! A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;

* * *

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty, and in private thinking."

Such men are God's stand-bys.



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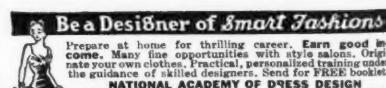
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(Continued from page 32)

are suggesting to local units, "Keep recreational open-house for service men and for boarding-house folks."

And from C. E. chapters is coming the reply: "We are meeting the demand with shuffleboard, duckpins, darts, ping pong, table games, music. We are planning movies; we're going in for popcorn, candy and folk concerts."

This is worth doing, in any young people's society; those evenings of clean rollicking fun, closed with ten or fifteen minutes of group worship, will provide the tremendous difference between boredom and inspiration for young people who otherwise would spend the evening in barracks or a hall bedroom in a boarding-house. But whatever you do, end the evening with prayer and a worship service.

The High School Christian Endeavors should find themselves busier than ever when the draft of high school boys really gets under way. They can do a lot by way of "seeing off" parties. And the development of the Service Men's Christian League, under the early sponsorship of C. E., offers countless varieties of contacts with men in the service, and countless opportunities for concentrated emergency work. This League is interdenominational, and sponsored by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the International Council of Religious Education, the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains and the World's Christian Endeavor Union.

So—keep that door open! Believe me, you will not be serving just your little group at home when you do that; you will be doing your share in the new worldwide service of Christian youth. Standing watch at sea, handling the controls of a Flying Fortress, plotting the maneuver of a tank battalion, men from little C. E.'s, from little young people's societies all over this country, are raising their earnest prayers for the cause your young people's society serves. In the countless secret places of devotion at home and in the battle line, thanks will be uttered for what Francis E. Clark started in 1881 and for the eager young volunteers who continue to apply his spirit to the Christian advance. Let's ask God in this crisis, not for an easy time, not to save us from harder and harder work with fewer and fewer helpers; let's ask Him only that we may have now the originality and the foresight and the courage to give Him what we should have given Him long ago: all our powers, and not part of them!

(Continued from page 20)

right to organize into groups, to propagandize, to speak freely on all matters of public concern.

We are secure to the degree that we have exhibited brotherhood. By the same token, we are decadent wherever we have denied that law. No race can long preserve any dignities and rights it will not grant to other races. That is God's law of brotherhood. No nation can preserve any liberties for its citizens which it prevents other nations from affording to its people. That is God's law of brotherhood. No religion can have the freedom of worship and action which it refuses to see believers, with other conscientious convictions, enjoy too. That is God's law of brotherhood.

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(Continued from page 41)

people who need encouragement. A word spoken at the right time may make all the difference in the world to them. When a poor woman from the backwoods once told Abraham Lincoln that back where she lived his name was mentioned every week in a prayer meeting, he was deeply touched and spoke of it several times with tears in his eyes as well as his voice.

Lord, forgive us that we so often forget the deep needs of others. Give us deeper sympathy and more solicitude for them in Thy name. Amen.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14

"FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS."
READ PSALM 103.

A YOUNG married couple not long ago joined a church and when the minister asked him some things about his personal life, he said that they were so happily married and they had two lovely children that they felt they owed it to God to do more than they had been doing. He said, "Sir, our cup is running over." One doesn't find the grateful heart very often in these days. We take so much for granted.

Almighty God, we would call upon our souls and all that is within us to bless Thy name. Amen.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15

"THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE."
READ ISAIAH 26:1-9.

F OURTEEN centuries ago Augustine preached a sermon about the patience of God. He knew people away back in those far-off times whose hearts were hot and restless, even as men's hearts are today. No doubt there were men who thought that God was inactive and in that sermon Augustine said, "God is patient because He is eternal." It is not because He is indifferent but rather He sees the end from the beginning. He sees all life steadily and sees it well. Is it not reasonable to believe that we too shall be patient and tranquil and self-possessed just as far as we commune with God and have fellowship with him.

We do not pray for exemption from strife and the trials of life. But we pray that always we may have that peace which the world cannot give nor take away. Amen.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16

"THE LOVE OF GOD."
READ ROMANS 8:35-39.

T HERE are some books which charm and delight us when we are in our teens and it is well that it is so. Later on, when in mature life, these books lose their charm and we turn to others. In youth there are teachers and others who thrilled us and later on we grew apart and they left us cold. Probably when

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MANY persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell "calendar," "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.



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the shadows lengthen the books and the people who help us now will not be much to our liking, but Jesus Christ is the friend of childhood, the guide and guardian of maturer years, and he will not fail us when we are in the valley of the shadow of death.

Lord, we rejoice that Thy love for us does not depend upon our love for Thee. Thy love is constant and abideth forever. Even when we forget Thee Thou art never unmindful of us.

[WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17]

"AND HID THY TALENT IN THE EARTH." READ MATTHEW 25:14-30.

THOSE who fascinate and delight great audiences or reach a great constituency through some other medium have their own peculiar temptations, but it is also true that mediocrity has its perils. It was a sad moment in Elijah's life when he felt that he was not, after all, as great as he had thought. God has a place for all of us and the thing he rewards is faithfulness.

Lord, to think of Thee is to be made conscious of our shortcomings, of the lukewarmness of our affection and the pettiness of our desires. For all holy dissatisfaction, we bless Thee. Amen.

[THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18]

"HE BEGAN TO SPEAK . . . CONCERNING JOHN." READ LUKE 7:24-28.

HUMAN nature craves appreciation but sometimes when appreciation comes it is from the wrong quarter. It is possible for a man to lead a false and even a bad life and yet win the praise of men. That has been a not uncommon experience. On the other hand there have been successful failures.

Lord, strengthen in us the appeal of all that is true and beautiful. Reveal to us how cheap and tawdry are the pleasures of sin. In Thy light may we see light. Amen.

[FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19]

"BE YE TRANSFORMED." READ ROMANS 12.

WHEN the great Savonarola was preaching in Florence there was a festival known in the year as Carnival time. The children were permitted to throw stones and do whatever damage they could. It was a stupid custom and a dangerous one, and had become a public menace. Savonarola resolved to stop it. He suggested that instead of flinging stones they might march through the streets singing "Jesus Christ Is King" and collect alms for the poor. It worked magnificently. It resulted in a revival of religion.

Father, save us from idly wishing that we were elsewhere. Grant that we may see the opportunities for service which lie close at hand. Give us the visions that move our strength that endures. Amen.

FEBRUARY 1943

[SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20]

"MY BARNES . . . MY FRUITS . . . MY GOODS." READ LUKE 12:13-21.

JESUS once told a story about a farmer who had become so successful that he was positively embarrassed by his riches. He resolved to pull down his barns and build greater in order that he might care for his increasing wealth. Yet he is one of the most wretched characters in the New Testament; the only one so far as we know who was called a fool. It is well to remember that the protest of Christ was not against the man's industry—but rather against his crass materialism. There was no recognition of the goodness of God and the stewardship of life.

May Thy love to us, O God, win from our stubborn hearts a rich harvest of devotion and service. Amen.

[SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21]

"AGAINST THEE, THEE ONLY, HAVE I SINNED." READ PSALM 51.

A GREAT scientist has this to say about electrical obstructions: "No other agency for transmitting power can be stopped by such slight obstacles as electricity. Even a thin sheet of writing paper placed across a tube conveying compressed air would cause instant rupture. It takes very little to break that mystic connection between the soul and God. The two cannot walk together except they be agreed and we cannot have fellowship with God and indulge in sin whether it be in action or even in thought.

Lord, cleanse us from evil and create within us clean hearts. Amen.

[MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22]

"THE INWARD MAN IS RENEWED." READ II CORINTHIANS 4.

THERE are two ways in which to prevent worms destroying trees. One, of course, is to protect the tree itself outwardly and encasing it in specially prepared gauze, wire netting or some other device of similar nature, but this is what a great naturalist has to say about the best method of prevention of disease: "Vigorous life is the best insulator. A living tissue is the most effective antiseptic to destroy germs which attack it." The Christian life is positive rather than negative and we get rid of evil things by having develop within us a spiritual vitality which makes for safety.

Lord, we are safe only when we abide in Thee, and Thou dost make our hearts Thy dwelling place. Amen.

[TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23]

"BEHOLD, THOU ART THERE." READ PSALM 139.

MORE than eight centuries ago that saint of the Middle Ages Bernard of

Thousands Relieve Constipation, with Ease for Stomach, too

When constipation brings on discomfort after meals, stomach upset, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative-Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with Syrup Pepsin for perfect ease to your stomach in taking. For years, many Doctors have given pepsin preparations in their prescriptions to make medicine more agreeable to a touchy stomach. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully the Laxative Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines to bring welcome relief from constipation. And the good old Syrup Pepsin makes this laxative so comfortable and easy on your stomach. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin, as directed on label or as your doctor advises, and feel worlds better. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's.



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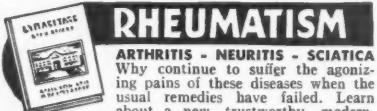
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Claireaux, author of the hymn beginning "Jesus the very thought of Thee," wrote to the believers of his time: "If thou shouldst be far removed from a house of prayer, give not thyself trouble to seek one for thou art thyself a sanctuary designed for prayer." God is not confined to any place and the devout soul can always find Him.

Lord, Thou art more willing to bless us than we are to seek Thy blessing. Thou dost read our hearts and before we speak Thou dost answer. Amen.

[WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24]

"THE WINGS OF A DOVE."
READ PSALM 55.

THE writer of the Fifty-fifth Psalm was weary of his lot. He wrote, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest." It does not mean that he was in a dungeon. It is evident that he was not. It just means that he was weary of his lot. It is not, however, a healthy frame of mind. A preacher of the Middle Ages in commenting on this passage quaintly

said, "The Psalmist prayed for the wings of a dove when he really ought to have prayed for the strength of an ox."

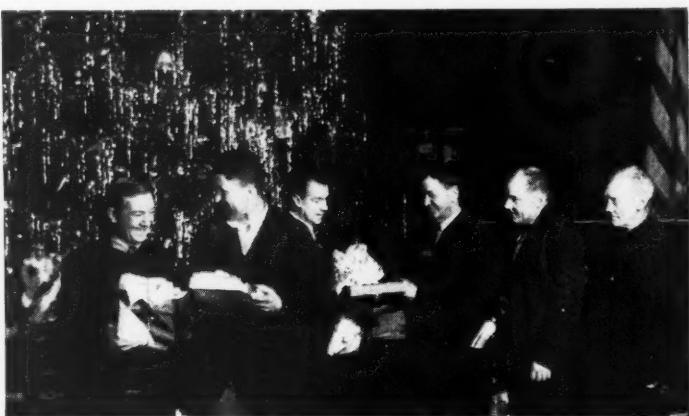
Lord, we bless Thee that Thou dost answer our prayers, not according to our petitions, but in Thine own great wisdom and mercy. Amen.

[THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25]

"YE ARE MY FRIENDS."
READ JOHN 15:1-16.

A MAN who had once been wealthy and influential and had held a position of some importance in an eastern city became bankrupt through no fault of his own. He did not, as many do, become cynical nor did he lose his faith in people. He did, however, say with some chagrin that he could not help noticing how differently people regarded him after his misfortune. The friendship of the Eternal is an abiding one. He is faithful and just, the same yesterday, today and forever.

We thank Thee, O Lord, because Thy greatness doth not separate Thee from



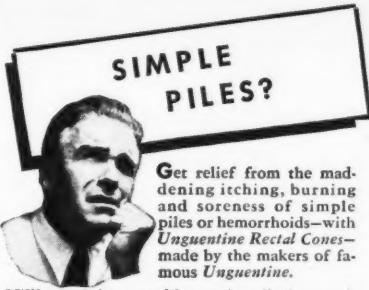
Thanks, and God Bless You

Friends: To open the door leading from the dismal, sad street into the Bowery Mission Chapel with its shining Christmas Tree, is like suddenly waking from a horrible dream and finding yourself at home safe with your family. We had a pretty tree this year and there were more presents than we have ever had before—no man left our Christmas Party without a gift.

In the middle of the day, 419 men were given a full Christmas dinner. It was not turkey, turkey was too expensive this year, but what they did have was good and there was plenty of it.

It is good to have such friends—without you there could be no Christmas Tree and dinner; without you those who have come to the Bowery Mission for protection against hunger and against their weaknesses would have known greater suffering or destruction. Thanks, and God bless you.

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the least and lowest of Thy creatures. Our very weakness has commended us to Thy compassion. Amen.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26

"REJOICE IN THE LORD."
READ PHILIPPIANS 4:1-13.

THE Apostle Paul was in prison when he wrote his letter to the Philippians. He had much to complain about. He might even have become sorry for himself. He was no longer young. He was a prisoner in chains, living in a Roman cell. The work to which he had given his life seemed to be completely shattered at his feet. There would have been no occasion for surprise if he had felt utterly crushed and broken but in that hour this is how he wrote to the Philessian Christians, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice."

Lord, Thou hast given us beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. In all this Thy name is glorified. Amen.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27

"THE BOLDNESS OF PETER AND JOHN."
READ ACTS 4:13-21.

AFTER the crucifixion of Jesus the disciples were evidently discouraged and bewildered. In the Upper Room before Pentecost they shut the door for fear of their enemies. Then came Pentecost. They were endowed with power from on high. All fear and misgiving and apprehension left them. They went out into the street. They were ready to take any risk after Pentecost. "This is," as Dr. G. H. Morrison once wrote, "living dangerously." And that kind of dangerous living for Christ is always needed.

Father, we thank Thee for all Thy servants whose devotion and courage has inspired us to bolder service. Forgive our weakness and hesitation and baptize us with holy zeal. Amen.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28

"A CERTAIN POOR WIDOW."
READ MARK 12:41-44.

IT WAS said of a great college principal that he overestimated the intelligence of his students. One wrote about him, "All his geese are swans. He looks at a boy and imagines the boy is wonderful. The probability is he is only looking at a goose." But surely it is better to have the faculty of seeing the potential power in every life than to disparage and belittle people. We have only to read the story of Christ's life to see how always and everywhere he saw the good that was in people, though it was hidden to the eyes of others.

Father, we have often misunderstood Thee and sometimes we have been afraid of Thee. We have forgotten the tenderness of Jesus and his revelation of Thy compassion. Amen.

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(Continued from page 42)

this man, we are all born lightless. No child knows right from wrong. No adult has his eyes fully open. No man perceives all that is good. No man sees all that is bad as evil. Some dark evils look to him as bright good. We are congenitally unable to see moral issues clearly. Our religious insight is dim and confused. Proof is to be found in the past and all about us. Once sincerely religious men defended slavery upon religious grounds. Once, honest men hung supposedly demon-possessed witches for religious reasons. Today there are church members, followers of the Lord Jesus, ready to defend with religious arguments racial segregation, class distinctions, child labor, poverty, luxury riches, imperialism, gambling, the liquor traffic, and even the horrors of war. So blind are we born. Morally blind from birth, and helpless!

OUR ONLY CURE, says John, is in Jesus, the Light of the World. As with the Man Born Blind, to whom none could give a true understanding of the nature of color, so we can truly have moral light only as we are given to see. John does not here explain how Jesus gives this light. That was the root-substance of the last lesson. Here he describes how to find the light, and the peril of remaining in darkness.

JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD

FEB.

21

JOHN 10

ACTUALLY, FOR JOHN, this lesson is part of the Blind Man—Light of the World story. To the brutal charge against Jesus, "He hath a demon," others said, "Can a demon open the eyes of the blind?" The Blind Man had been "cast out," excommunicated from Temple and synagogue. Considered no longer a Jew, he was as an uncircumcized gentile. Unable longer to sit at ease, beg, and have men give unto him, he now must work. But being no longer a legal Jew, getting a living was most difficult. And religious fellowship was forbidden. His situation was desperate. Here John steps in with his message of Jesus as the Good Shepherd. The Blind Man was without a "fold." "Hirelings" had left him, as it were, to the "wolves." He needed shelter, protection from enemies, recognition "by name," and some one to assume risks for him. That, says John, is the business of Jesus, the Good Shepherd.

LIKE MANNA, this fell upon John's audience in Ephesus. There, "blind" men who had received the Light of the World were suffering the Blind Man's troubles. Some were gentiles, now estranged from their former pagan temples, scoffed at by friends, boycotted in business and persecuted by authorities. Others were Jews, now expelled from their synagogues, persecuted by former friends, denied business opportunities and facing penury. Rejoicing in the Light, but in dire straits, they met in little groups, often in secret, in private homes, "for fear of the Jews"

and Romans. To John's converts this word of Jesus as the Good Shepherd brought comfort, hope and strength.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD as pictured by John is an extraordinary person. (1) He is a man of complete, open sincerity. There is nothing devious about him. All is above board. For he "entereth in by the door." (2) He is a man of profound and intimate concerns. He cares, but in no vague, general way. He cares in particular. He loves, not just everybody in a lump, but people as separate individuals. "He calleth his own sheep by name." (3) His interest is not for himself, but his sheep. His intent is that they shall all have what is largest, best and most abundant. "I am the door of the sheep, . . . by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and go out, and shall find pasture." (4) He is bent on life for his sheep. It is not their wealth of flesh and wool he wants. It is the joy of seeing them well-fed, unmolested and at peace in the wide green of abundant pastures. "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." (5) If need be, the Good Shepherd is ready to value the life of his sheep above his own, and exchange his life for his sheep. His is self-sacrifice complete. "The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep." (6) He is no small time shepherd, careful for his own tiny flock and careless of the world's wide pastures. He looks out upon all pastures and all flocks.

JESUS RESTORES LAZARUS TO LIFE

FEB.

28

JOHN 11

THIS IS JOHN'S last hopeless case. Lazarus was dead, and nothing more can be done for the dead. One cannot give restoring medicine, ease any pain, or add any comfort. We go through the motions of serving the dead. We provide a downy soft coffin, bank up flowers, pay a last love tribute, and read the solemn burial ritual. But it is ourselves we serve. The dead heed not.

LAZARUS WAS irrevocably dead. Worse, he had "been dead four days" and buried. Decomposition had begun. Revival of a supposedly swooned spirit was impossible. In Jewish belief matters were totally ended. The spirit they believed hung about the body three days after death. Then, its earthly house no longer inhabitable, it departed, abandoning the body to dust. Lazarus' soul had gone beyond recall. Any wild hope of his restoration had vanished.

THIS COMPLETE disintegration of Lazarus, John makes the basis for discussing "eternal life." For him even the astonishment of Lazarus' physical restoration is secondary. John knew as we know that physically Lazarus would die again. It is the meaning of "eternal life" that grips John here.

WHAT THEN CAN John mean by eternal life? "And this is life eternal, that

FEBRUARY 1943

they should know thee the only true God, and him whom thou didst send, even Jesus Christ." Eternal life is knowing God now. It is experiencing the flood of God's life within the soul. "Of his fulness we all received." If all vagueness and softness can be wrung from the phrase, the best modern equivalent is "spiritual life." "Eternal" or "spiritual" life begins not bye and bye, but now. It starts as soon as Christ is welcomed into the soul. It is not everlasting life at some distant day. It is a quality of life like God's very own, bursting upon the believer here and now, and unaffected by physical death. Its nature no physical change can affect. It begins now and is forever.

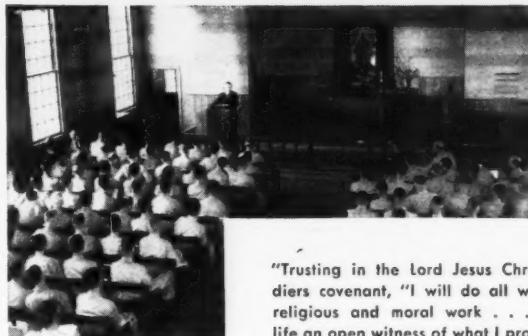
FOR TODAY: Is eternal life something we mistakenly look forward to, or something we may possess now? Is it something we hope for, or an experience we have that can never cease? Like Martha, is it something we do not expect until the last day, or is it joy we experience now? And how is this present possession of eternal life to affect our immediate living? Will we go on thinking of heaven as a distant hope, or realize it as a present delight? Will we think of eternity as at the far off end of everything, or as already having begun in us? To the Christian, eternity has already begun. He is now living in eternity. "Forever" is already begun. "Believest thou this?"

IN FINDING THE light the Blind Man obeyed a kindly voice in the dark. It summoned him to undertake the apparently foolish and impossible. Having found the light by following the gleam received the light he refused to deny his former blindness or surrender his faith in the light for something more "sensible." He stuck to his conviction in face of persecution. He sought fuller light. Thus his light grew and brighter shone. He found the light by following the gleam he had.

AS FOR THE PHARISEES who opposed the Blind Man, they sealed themselves against the glimmer of light they had. They denied as good the great work Jesus had done for the Blind Man. Becoming more blind they persecuted him, trying to drive him back into their own darkness. They saw no need of light. "Are we also blind?" Thus become altogether blind, they could not perceive their own moral blackout. They lost all light by dimming out the flicker they had.

FOR TODAY: We must admit with John, that like the Blind Man we are born blind. We are hopelessly in the dark about many light-giving matters. We need to receive the light upon our racialism, nationalism, imperialism, sectarianism, militarism, and upon our own personal moral stupidities. Such light can come to us only as it came to the Blind Man, by heeding the "impossible" words of the Light of the World. If we heed not, the total blackness of the Pharisees awaits us. We must imitate blind Bartimaeus. When Jesus asked him, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" he replied, "Rabboni, that I might receive my sight."

FEBRUARY 1943



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Sherman, S. D.

Dear Editor:

... To improve your magazine, you can leave out all movie advertising. You are not a very good judge of movies, anyway. I could tell that when you bragged so much about "How Green Was My Valley." Go and see it again. ... You can also leave Santa Claus out of your Christmas issue.

Cordially,
Mrs. Swen Jordahl

Reader Jordahl renewed her subscription, which indicates that she has breadth of spirit as well as wit. We're happy over the renewal; we're also happy to inform our readers that since the first movie ad in January of 1941, *Christian Herald* readers have found exactly seven pages of movie ads out of a total of 1,716 pages of other reading matter!

Wellington, Colo.

Dear Editor:

... I think the movies are the enemies of the churches, and should be considered as such. I admire your stand on booze, but I think the movie industry is just as great an evil as booze and they should be classed together.

Yours truly,
A. M. Parmenter

Christian Herald thinks there is nothing good that can be said about liquor; it is 100% bad. But is that true of the movies? Would you say that of the Bible Society movie, as you find it described on page 29 of this issue? Could you say it of "One Foot in Heaven"? Thirty million youngsters go to the movies in this country at least once a week. They should be protected; they should have some responsible Christian paper helping them distinguish good movies from bad. Why let the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency do it all?

Nicotine

Gardner, Mass.

Dear Editor:

Christian Herald asks (under "Temperance," December): "Who has ever found a really good use for nicotine?" Your editor evidently never had the experience of

dipping sheep covered with ticks. Once dipped in tobacco-water, these nuisances bite no more, and the sheep flourish after the bath. I declare that nicotine is a real benefit—to these sheep. You must take back that implication.

Very truly,
J. H. Richards

We apologize. Never, never did we expect to find a good use for the dirty weed. We don't envy the sheep, but we suggest a new movement: The Society To Turn Over All Tobacco To The Sheep Dips of America.

What Do You Think of This!

Blessed be the flaming cross,
By this sign conquer of course.
Blessed be the brave Klansmen,
True Christian Americans.
Blessed be the Ku Klux Klan
Best peacemakers in the land;
Blessed be all ye Klansmen
In the Kingdom of Heaven.
Herbert Clarence Edwards,
Y. M. C. A., Asheville, N. C.

The editor can't figure out why he deserves all this. There's more to it, but we can't print it in *Christian Herald*.

Reply to Mr. Eller

Portland, Oregon

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the letter from T. C. Eller, in the December *Christian Herald*. ... I agree with his remark that a Christian should advocate peace. But be sensible. Ask yourself, "Would such a method have any effect on the Axis?"

Two years ago I felt certain that our entry into this war was inevitable, and I was not at all in favor of it. But now, in the light of events now past. ... I realize we must fight if we are to retain freedom of religion. Above all else the Axis nations hate God and they would like nothing better than to worship.

Ration Liquor?

New York City

Dear Editor:

Why aren't we smart enough to ration liquor? We ration everything else, yet these rascals in the liquor industry go right on getting away with murder. . . .

George L. Wister

Murder is a strong word, but we know what you mean. Truth be told, liquor is being rationed. North Carolina is doing it, and

you have been reading of the Canadian scheme. Now if we can only get *national* rationing, and keep it after the war. . . .

Are We Political?

Dear Editor:

For many years we have taken *Christian Herald*. . . . But lately you have let your politics enter into and govern your editorials and news items, so that we feel we can no longer take it. . . . So, until you start editing a non-partisan paper we will not renew.

Sincerely,
L. D. Potter

We're sorry. We suppose we all have our politics, good or bad, but we have made an honest and sustained effort to keep them out of the magazine. If you will read the book carefully, we believe you will find the bouquets and the brickbats distributed rather evenly; we have criticized and applauded all parties, frequently. As for Mr. Courier's News Comments—he disclaims any politics whatever; he insists he is the only "free mind" left in the world!

Justice to the Magdalene

Greenville, Ga.

Dear Editor:

I agree with Miss J. Rohde in all her statements in the December issue, but I would like to know where she finds in the Bible that Mary Magdalene is referred to as a sinner. I can't find that. . . .

Very truly,
C. A. Stokes

Reader Stokes is right. Mary Magdalene is nowhere referred to, in so many words, as a sinner; certainly she is not called harlot. Posterity and word-of-mouth tradition and the authors of religious literature since the first century have made us think of poor Mary as a sinner. She had seven devils cast forth from her, in Luke 7 and Luke 8, but these might have been devils of physical sickness. Usage has done it; we may do Mary a tremendous injustice.

A Worthy Cause

Tucson, Arizona

Dear Editor:

In downtown Tucson, where men and women, sick with tuberculosis, gather to sit in the sunlit park (soldiers and their girls are also there!) we have placed boxes with Gospel literature free for the taking. Back numbers of *Christian Herald*s have been placed here, and they are extremely popular.

Would you once more ask your readers to send us their old 1942 copies and any current numbers they are through with? We would appreciate it very much indeed.

Rev. O. L. Smith, The Desert Pulpit,
P. O. Box 1388, Tucson, Arizona

This cause deserves your help.

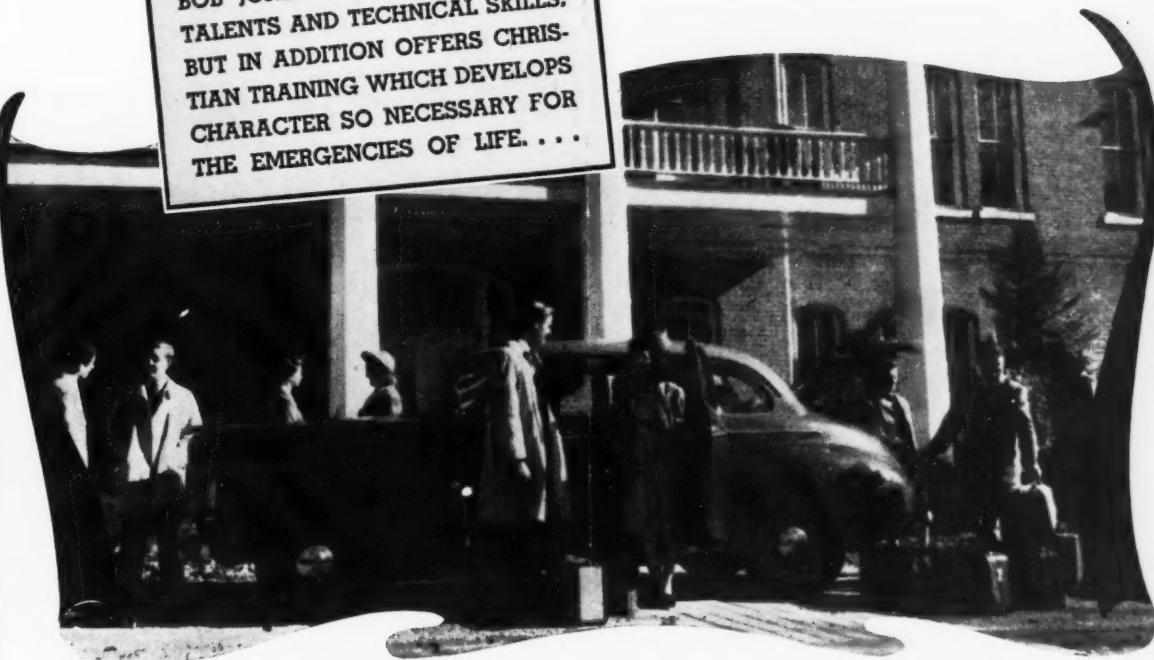
FEBRUARY 1943

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There must be a reason

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TIAN TRAINING WHICH DEVELOPS
CHARACTER SO NECESSARY FOR
THE EMERGENCIES OF LIFE. . . .



If you can attend college for only one or two years before entering the service of your country, we strongly advise your coming to Bob Jones College for this year or two of character preparation and intellectual and spiritual training so essential now.

If you are still in high school we advise you to come to the Bob Jones College Academy (a four-year, fully-accredited high school) for special Christian training before you enter upon your military service.

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on deep wine field.

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Rugs Woven Any Size up to 16 feet wide without seams—by any length you want.

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